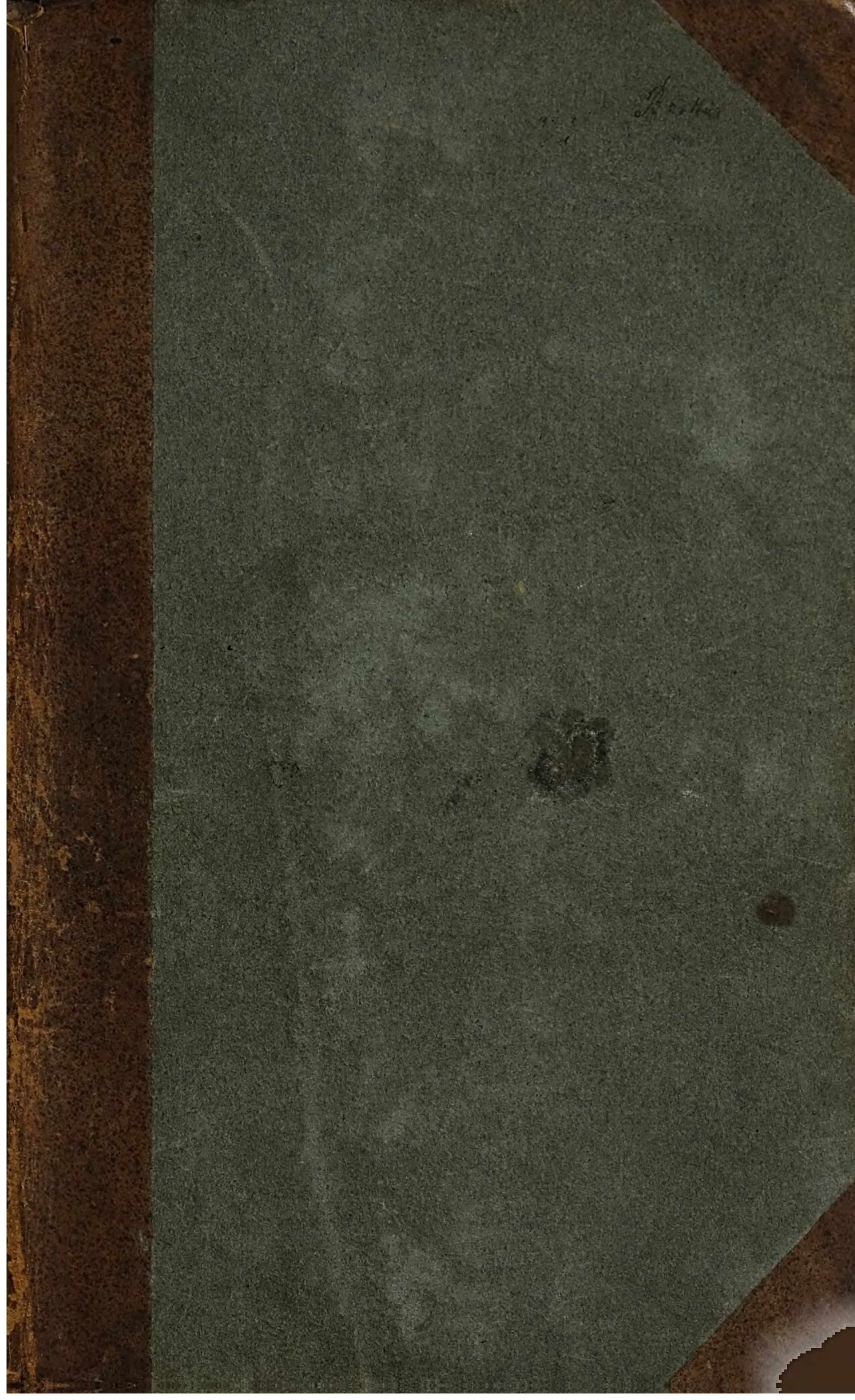




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Mrs Gordon

CORINNA;

OR,

ITALY.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

G. SIDNEY, Printer,
Northumberland Street, Strand.

CORINNA;

OR,

ITALY.

BY MAD. DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY D. LAWLER.

Udrallo il bel paese,
Ch' Apennin parte, e'l mar circonda, et l'Alpe.

PETRARCH.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CORRI, NO. 15, LITTLE NEWPORT
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OLD BAILEY.

1807.



THE
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

To have the honor of presenting Corinna, that female wonder, which, however impressed with admiration, we should condemn as out of nature, did not the *Literary Prodigy* in which her history is detailed, reconcile us to a belief of her possible existence. To have the honor, I say, of presenting Corinna to a British public, in a British garb, must be no mean object of ambition. However, the laurels which such a task may afford, will not be reaped by the Translator of the following sheets, without a rival competitor.

Another translation of Corinna has been published by a bookseller in the city ; but far am I from being alarmed

on that account, as to the sale of this, when I consider that a French edition has been re-printed in London, and sold off almost immediately; besides the quantities of the two Paris editions which had been imported, and which only served to whet that public curiosity it could not satisfy. Indeed, we should have reason to fear that taste had fled our shores, if *Corinna* did not meet, in this country, with the most extraordinary, and unprecedented sale.

On the merits of this rival translation I shall not presume to offer any opinion, as both are before an enlightened public, who will form their judgment upon both performances, and give the meed of praise where they may consider it justly due; but as my work differs in the number of volumes in which it is printed, as well

as in the time of its appearance from that just alluded to, I hope I may be allowed to say a word on each of those points.—The Paris editions are in two volumes octavo, and in three volumes duodecimo; this latter size has been adopted in the French London edition, and in the other English translation; but as these volumes are much beyond the ordinary size used for novels, I have deemed it more expedient to print the present work in five volumes duodecimo; and as I have affixed to it the same price as that in three, while I trust it will bear competition with it as to the paper, &c. the public will, I hope, believe, that in thus varying the number of volumes I could have had no other object in view than the convenience of my purchasers.

Should any surprise be excited at

this translation making its appearance a little later than the other, I trust surprise will cease when my readers are informed that translations, any way voluminous, are usually the work of *several*, and I hope there is nothing improper in my stating, that I know, from the authority of the publisher, that *two gentlemen* have been employed upon the other English translation, while the one here offered to the public is the exclusive work of a *single individual*. I have therefore, only to hope, that although *four hands* have been more expeditious than *two*, the public will examine the comparative merits of both translations, before they apply to this species of labour the common adage, that *two heads are better than one*.

D. L.

July 20, 1807.

CORINNA.

BOOK I.

OSWALD.

Testamentia CHAPTER I.

OSWALD, Lord Nelville, quitted Edinburgh for Italy, during the winter of 1794-5. He possessed a noble, and handsome figure, an abundance of wit, an illustrious name, and an independent fortune; but his health was impaired by deeply-rooted sorrow, and his physicians, fearing that his lungs were attacked, had prescribed him the air of the South. Though indifferent, as to the preservation of his life, he followed their advice. He expected, at least, to find in the diversity

of objects he was about to see, something that might divert his mind from the melancholy that preyed on it. The most exquisite of griefs—the loss of a father, was the cause of his malady : this was heightened by cruel circumstances, which, together with a remorse, inspired by delicate scruples, increased his anguish, which was still further aggravated by the phantoms of the imagination. Those who suffer, easily persuade themselves that they are guilty, and violent grief will extend its painful influence even to the conscience.

At twenty five years of age, he was dissatisfied with life ; his mind anticipated every thing that it could afford, and his wounded sensibility no longer enjoyed the illusions of the heart. Nobody appeared more complacent, more devoted to his friends, when he was able to render them service ; but not even the good he performed

could afford him a pleasurable sensation.

He incessantly sacrificed his own tastes to those of others; but it was impossible to explain, upon principles of generosity alone, this total abnegation of every selfish feeling, most frequently to be attributed to that species of sadness, which no longer permitted him to take any interest in his own fate. Those indifferent to him, enjoyed this disposition, so full of benignity and charms; but those who loved him, perceived that he sought the happiness of others, like a man who no longer expected any himself; and they almost experienced a pain from his conferring a felicity, for which it was impossible to make him a return in kind.

He was, notwithstanding, of a nature susceptible of emotion, sensibility, and

passion; he combined every thing that could transport others, and incite it in himself; but misfortune, and repentance, had taught him to tremble at that destiny, whose anger he sought to disarm, by forbearing to solicit any favour at her hands.

He expected to find, in a strict attachment to all his duties, and in a renunciation of every lively enjoyment, a security against those pangs that tear the soul. What he had experienced, struck fear into his heart; and nothing this world can afford, could, in his estimation, compensate the risk of those sufferings; but when one is capable of feeling them, what mode of life can shelter us from their power?

Lord Nelville flattered himself that he should be able to quit Scotland without regret, since he resided in it without pleasure; but the unhappy imagination of the children of sensibility, is not so formed:

he did not suspect what ties attached him to those scenes which were most painful to him,—to the habitation of his father. There were in this habitation, chambers, places, which he could not approach without shuddering, and, nevertheless, when he resolved to quit them, he felt himself still more solitary. His heart became burnt, and dried up; he was no longer able to give vent to his sufferings in tears; he could no longer call up those little local circumstances which affected him deeply; his recollections no longer possessed anything of the vivid semblance of real existence; they were no longer in affinity with the objects that surrounded him; he did not think less on him whose loss he lamented, but he found it more difficult to recall his presence.

Sometimes, also, he reproached himself, for abandoning those abodes where his father had dwelt. “Who knows,”

CORINNA.

said he to himself, “ whether the shades of the departed are allowed to pursue, every where, the objects of their affection? Perhaps it is only permitted them to wander about the spot where their ashes repose! Perhaps in this moment does the spirit of my sire regret the absence of his son, while distance prevents my hearing his voice, exerted to recall me. Alas! while he was living, must not a concourse of events have persuaded him, that I had betrayed his tenderness, that I was a rebel to my country, to his paternal will, to everything that is sacred on earth?”—These recollections excited in Lord Nelville a grief insupportable; that not only was he unable to confide it to others, but even dreaded himself to search it to the bottom. So easily do our own reflections become to us an irreparable evil.

It costs us more to quit our native

country, when to leave it we must traverse the sea; all is solemn in a journey of which ocean marks the first steps. An abyss seems to open behind you, and to render your return for ever impossible. Besides, the sublime spectacle which the sea presents, must always make a deep impression on the imagination; it is the image of that infinite Being which continually attracts our thoughts, that run incessantly to lose themselves in him. Oswald, supporting himself on the helm, his eyes fixed on the waves, was, apparently, calm, for his pride, united to his timidity, would scarcely ever permit him to discover, even to his friends, what he felt; but he was internally racked with the most painful emotions.

He brought to mind the time when the sight of the sea animated his youth with the desire of plunging into her waves, and measuring his force against her's.--“Why,”

said he to himself, with the most bitter regret, “ why do I yield so unremittingly to reflection? How many pleasures are there in active life, in those exercises which make us feel the energy of existence? Death itself then appears but an event, glorious perhaps, sudden, at least, and not preceded by decline. But that death which comes without having been sought by courage, that death of darkness, which steals from you in the night all that you hold most dear, which despises your lamentations, repulses your embrace, and pitilessly opposes to you the eternal laws of nature and of time! such a death inspires a sort of contempt for human destiny, for the impotence of grief, for all those vain efforts that dash and break themselves upon the rock of necessity.

Such were the sentiments that tormented Oswald; and what particularly characterised his unhappy situation, was, the vivacity of

youth, united to thoughts of another age. He entered into those ideas which he conceived must have employed his father, in the last moments of his life; and he carried the ardor of juvenility into the melancholy reflections of declining years. He was weary of every thing, and yet still regretted happiness, as if her illusions were still within his grasp. This contrast, quite in hostility with the ordinance of nature, which gives uniformity and gradation to the natural course of things, threw the soul of Oswald into disorder; but his exterior manners always possessed considerable sweetness and harmony, and his sadness, far from souring his temper, only inspired him with more condescension and goodness towards others.

Two or three times, during the passage from Harwich to Empden, the sea put on the appearance of approaching storm; Lord Nelville counselled the sailors, re-

stored confidence to the passengers, and when he assisted himself in working the ship, when he took for a moment the place of the pilot, there was, in all he did, a skill and a power which could not be considered as merely the effect of the agility of the body,—there was soul in all that he did.

On his quitting the vessel, all the crew crowded around Oswald to take leave of him ; they all thanked him for a thousand little services which he had rendered them during the voyage, and which he no longer remembered. Upon one occasion, perhaps, it was a child which had occupied a large share of his attention ; more often an old man, whose tottering steps he had supported when the wind agitated the ship. Such a general attention, without any regard to rank or quality, was, perhaps, never met with. During the whole day he would scarcely bestow a single moment

upon himself: influenced alike by melancholy and benevolence, he gave his whole time to others. On leaving him, the sailors said to him, with one voice, "My dear Lord, may you be more happy!" Oswald had not once expressed the internal pain he felt; and the men of another rank, who had accompanied him in his passage, had not spoken a word to him on that subject. But that class of people, in whom their superiors rarely confide, accustom themselves to discover their sentiments and feelings, by other means than speech: they pity you when you suffer, though they are ignorant of the cause of your grief, and their spontaneous pity is unmixed with either blame or advice.

CHAP. II.

TRAVELLING, whatever may be said of it, is one of the saddest pleasures of life. When you find yourself settled in some foreign city, it begins to feel, in some degree, like your own country; but to traverse unknown realms, to hear a language spoken which you hardly comprehend, to see human countenances which have no connection either with your past recollections, or future prospects, is solitude and isolation, without dignity and without repose; for that eagerness, that haste to arrive where nobody expects us, that agitation, of which curiosity is the only cause,

inspires us with very little esteem for ourselves, till the moment when new objects become a little old, and create around us some soft ties of sentiment and habit.

The grief of Oswald was, then, redoubled in traversing Germany in order to repair to Italy. On account of the war, it was necessary to avoid France, and its environs; it was also necessary to keep aloof from the armies, who rendered the roads impracticable. This necessity of occupying his mind with particulars material to the journey, of adopting, every day, and almost every instant, some new resolution, was quite insupportable to Lord Nelville. His health, far from becoming better, often obliged him to make a stay, where he felt the strongest desire to proceed on his journey. He spit blood; and took scarcely any care of himself, for he believed himself guilty, and became his own accuser with too great a degree of severity. He no longer wished

for life, but as it might become instrumental to the defence of his country. "Has not our country," said he, "some paternal claims upon us? But we should have the power to serve it usefully: the debilitated existence which I drag along, to ask of another sun some principle of life, to enable me to struggle against my miseries, it would deem an unworthy offering. None but a father would receive me to his bosom, under such circumstances, with affection increased in proportion as I was abandoned by nature, and by destiny."

Lord Nelville had flattered himself, that the continual variety of exterior objects would distract his imagination a little from those ideas by which it was habitually occupied; but that circumstance was far from producing, at first, this happy effect. After any great misfortune, we must become familiarised anew with everything that surrounds us; accustom our-

selves to the faces that we frequently behold, to the daily habits that we resume; each effort of these is a painful shock, and nothing multiplies them like a journey.

The only pleasure of Lord Nelville was to traverse the Tirolese Mountains, upon a Scotch horse, which he had brought with him, and which, like the horses of that country, ascended heights in galloping: he quitted the high road in order to proceed by the most steep paths. The astonished peasants cried out at first with terror, in beholding him thus upon the very brink of precipices, then clapped their hands, in admiration of his address, his agility, and his courage. Oswald was fond of this sensation of danger: it supports the weight of affliction, it reconciles us, for a moment, with that life which we have reconquered, and which it is so easy to lose.

CHAP. III.

IN the town of Inspruck, before entering Italy, Oswald heard related to a merchant, at whose house he had stopped some time, the history of a French Emigrant, called the Count d'Erfeuil, which greatly interested him in his favour. This man had supported the entire loss of a very large fortune, with the most perfect serenity; he had, by his talent for music, supported himself and an old uncle, whom he had taken care of until his death; he had constantly refused several services of plate, that many pressingly solicited him to accept of; he had manifested the most bril-

liant valour—a French valour—during the war, and the most invincible gaiety in the midst of reverses. He was desirous of going to Rome, to see a relation, whose heir he was to be, and wished for a companion, or rather a friend, in order to render the journey more agreeable to both.

The most bitter recollections of Lord Nelville were connected with France; nevertheless, he was exempt from those prejudices which divide the two nations; for a Frenchman had been his intimate friend, and he had found in this friend the most admirable union of all the qualities of the soul. He, therefore, offered to the merchant, who related to him the history of the Count d'Erfeuil, to take this noble and unfortunate young man to Italy; and, at the end of an hour, the merchant came to inform Lord Nelville that his proposition was accepted with gratitude. Oswald

was happy in being able to perform this service, but it cost him much to renounce his solitude ; and his timidity was wounded at finding himself, all of a sudden, in an habitual relation with a man whom he did not know.

The Count d'Erfeuil came to pay a visit to Lord Nelville, in order to thank him. He possessed elegant manners, an easy politeness, good taste, and appeared, from the very first introduction, perfectly *à son aise*. In his company one would feel astonished at all that he had suffered, for he supported his fate with a courage approaching to oblivion ; and there was in his conversation a facility truly admirable, when he spoke of his own reverses ; but less admirable, it must be confessed, when it extended to other subjects.

“ I owe you infinite obligation, my lord,” said the Count d'Erfeuil, “ for

rescuing me from this Germany, where I was dead with ennui." "You are here, nevertheless," replied Lord Nelville, "generally beloved and esteemed." "I have friends here," replied the Count d'Erfeuil, "whom I sincerely regret; for we meet in this country the best people in the world; but I do not know a word of German, and you will agree with me, that it would be too long and fatiguing a task for me to set about learning it now. Since I have had the misfortune to lose my uncle, I do not know what to do with my time; when I had the care of him, it filled up my day; at present the twenty-four hours weigh heavily upon my hands." "The delicacy of your conduct towards your uncle," said Lord Nelville, "inspires every body with the most profound esteem for your character, Count." "I have only done my duty," replied the Count

d'Erfeuil ; “ the poor man had overwhelmed me with kindnesses during my infancy : I should never have deserted him, had he lived an hundred years ! But it is happy for him, however, that he is dead ; it would be a happy thing for me also, were I the same,” added he, laughing ; “ for I have not much hope in this world. I used my best endeavours, during the war, to get killed ; but, since fate has spared me, I must only live as well as I can.” “ I shall felicitate myself on my arrival here,” answered Lord Nelville, “ if you find yourself comfortable at Rome, and if——” “ Oh, for that matter,” interrupted the Count d'Erfeuil, “ I shall find myself comfortable every where : when one is young and gay every thing accommodates itself to us. It is not from books, nor from meditation, that I have derived the philosophy which I possess, but from knowledge of the world, and trials of

misfortune; and you see, my lord, that I have reason to reckon upon chance, since it has procured me the honor of travelling with you." In finishing these words, the Count d'Erfeuil saluted Lord Nelville with the best grace in the world, settled the hour of departure for the following day, and took his leave.

The Count d'Erfeuil and Lord Nelville set out on the morrow. Oswald, after some expressions of politeness had passed between them, was several hours without saying a word; but perceiving that this silence was disagreeable to his companion, he asked him, if he anticipated pleasure from a residence in Italy: "Faith," replied the Count d'Erfeuil, "I know what I have to expect from that country. I have no hope of any amusement there: a friend of mine, who had passed six months at Rome, has assured me, there is not a province of France

where one may not find a better theatre, and a better society, than at Rome ; but in that ancient capital of the world, I shall surely find some Frenchmen to chat with, and that is all I desire.” “ You have not attempted to learn Italian ?” interrupted Oswald. “ Not at all,” replied the Count d’Erfeuil ; that did not enter into my plan of study.” And in saying this he assumed such a serious air, that one would have believed it was a resolution founded upon grave motives.

“ If I may speak my mind to you,” continued the Count d’Erfeuil, “ as a nation, love only the English and the French ; one must either be proud like them, or brilliant like us ; all the rest is only imitation.” Oswald was silent ; the Count d’Erfeuil, some moments after, resumed the conversation, by the most lively sallies of wit, and gaiety. He played with words and phrases in a very ingenious manner ; but

neither exterior objects, nor intimate sentiments, were the object of his discourse. His conversation proceeded, if it may be so expressed, neither from without, nor within ; it passed between the reflection and the imagination, and the bare relations of society were the subject of it.

He repeated twenty proper names to Lord Nelville, either in France, or in England, to know if he was acquainted with them ; and related, upon this occasion, highly-seasoned anecdotes, with a most graceful turn ; but one would have said, in hearing him, that the only discourse suitable to a man of taste, was, to use the expression, the gossip of good company.

Lord Nelville reflected some time on the character of Count d'Erfeuil ; that singular mixture of courage, and frivolity, that contempt of misfortune, so great, if

it had cost more efforts, so heroic, if it did not proceed from the same source that renders us incapable of deep affections. “An Englishman,” said Oswald, to himself, “would be weighed down with sadness, under similar circumstances.—Whence proceeds the resolution of this Frenchman? Whence proceeds also his levity? Is it only my own disordered mind that whispers to me I am superior to him? Does his light existence accord better than mine with the rapidity of human life? And must we shun reflection as an enemy, instead of giving up our whole soul to it?” Vainly would Oswald have cleared up those doubts; never could he have quitted the intellectual region allotted him; and qualities are still more difficult to subdue than defects.

The Count d’Erfeuil paid no attention to Italy, and rendered it almost impossible for Lord Nelville to bestow a thought

upon it; for he incessantly distracted him from that disposition of mind, which excites admiration of a fine country, and gives a relish for its picturesque charms. Oswald listened as much as he could to the noise of the wind, and to the murmuring of the waves: for all the voices of nature conveyed more gratification to his soul, than he could possibly receive from the conversation of that society which is met with at the foot of the Alps, across the ruins, and on the borders of the sea.

The sadness which consumed Oswald, would have opposed fewer obstacles to the pleasure, which he could have derived from Italy, than the gaiety of Count D'Erfeuil; the sorrows of a sensible mind will blend with the contemplation of nature, and the enjoyment of the fine arts; but frivolity, in whatever form it presents itself, deprives attention of its

force, thought of its originality, and sentiment of its profundity. One of the singular effects of this frivolity was to inspire Lord Nelville with a great deal of timidity in his intercourse with Count D'Erfeuil: he of the most serious character in such a case finds himself perplexed. Mental levity imposes upon the mind habitually disposed to meditation, and he who proclaims himself happy, appears wiser than he who suffers.

The Count D'Erfeuil was mild, obliging, and easy in every thing; serious only in self love, and worthy of being regarded, as he regarded others; that is to say, as a good companion of pleasures, and of perils; but he had no idea whatever of sharing pains: he was wearied to death with the melancholy of Oswald, and, as much from goodness of heart as from taste, was desirous of dissipating it.

“What is it you find wanting?” said he to him, often; “are you not young, rich, and, if you choose, in good health? for you are only ill, because you are sad. For my part, I have lost my fortune, my existence: I know not, in fact, what will become of me; nevertheless, I enjoy life as if I possessed all the prosperity that earth can afford.” “You are endowed with a courage as rare as it is honorable,” replied Lord Nelville; “but the reverses which you have experienced are less injurious in their consequences, than that grief which preys upon the heart.” “That grief which preys upon the heart,” cried the Count D’Erfeuil; “Oh! it is true, that is the most cruel of all;—but—but yet we should console ourselves under it; for a sensible man ought to drive away from his soul every thing that can neither be useful to others, nor to him-

self. Are we not here below to be useful first, and happy afterwards? My dear Nelville, let us stick to that."

What the Count D'Erfeuil said was reasonable, according to the general import of the word, for it savoured a good deal of what is usually called common sense: passionate characters are much more capable of folly, than cool and superficial ones; but so far was the Count D'Erfeuil's mode of feeling from exciting the confidence of Lord Nelville, that he would gladly have convinced him he was the most happy of men, in order to avoid the pain which his consolation gave him.

However, the Count became greatly attached to Lord Nelville: his resignation, joined with simplicity, his modesty, blended with pride, inspired him with an involuntary respect for his character. He fluttered about the calm exterior of

Oswald ; he ransacked his head to bring to recollection all the most grave sayings which, in his infancy, he had heard from his aged parents, in order to try their effect upon Lord Nelville ; and, quite astonished at not overcoming his apparent coldness, he said to himself : “ Do I not possess courage, goodness, and openness of disposition ? Am I not beloved in society ? What is it then that I want to make an impression upon this man ? There surely must be some misunderstanding between us, which, probably, arises from his not understanding French sufficiently well.”

CHAP. IV.

AN unforeseen circumstance greatly increased the sentiment of respect which the Count D'Erfeuil experienced already, almost without knowing it, for his travelling companion. The health of Lord Nelville had obliged him to stop some days at Ancona. The mountains, and the sea, render the situation of this city very fine, and the crowd of Greeks, who work in front of their shops, seated in the oriental manner, the diversity of costume of the inhabitants of the Levant, which are met in the streets, give it an original, and interesting appearance.

The art of civilization has a continual tendency to render all men alike in appearance, and almost in reality; but the mind, and the imagination, take pleasure in the characteristic differences of nations: it is only in affectation, and in the art of reckoning, that men resemble each other; but all that is natural is various. The eyes then, at least, derive some little pleasure from the diversity of costume; it seems to promise a new manner of feeling, and of judging.

The Grecian, the Catholic, and the Jewish worships, exist, simultaneously and peaceably, in the city of Ancona. The ceremonies of these several religions differ widely from each other; but in those various forms of worship, the same sentiment lifts the soul to heaven—'tis the same voice of supplication, the same want of support.

The catholic church is on the top of a

mountain, and overlooks the sea: the roaring of the waves is often mingled with the song of the priests. The church, inside, is overladen with a crowd of rather untasteful ornaments; but if you stop beneath the portico of the temple, the soul is filled with the purest sentiments of religion, heightened by that sublime spectacle, the sea, on whose bosom, man has never been able to imprint the smallest trace. The earth is tilled by him, the mountains are cut through by his roads, and rivers shut up into canals to transport his merchandise; but if the waves are furrowed for a moment by his vessels, the proud billow immediately effaces this slight mark of servitude, and the sea re-appears, such as it was the first day of the creation.

Lord Nelville had fixed his departure, for Rome, for the morrow; when he heard, during the night, the most dreadful

cries in the city. He hastily quitted the Inn, in order to learn the cause, when he beheld a terrible fire, which proceeded from the port, and climbed from house to house, even to the very top of the city. The flames were repeated at a distance in the sea; the wind, which increased their fierceness, also disturbed their image in the rebellious waves, which reflected, in a thousand ways, the bloody features of a gloomy conflagration.

The inhabitants of Ancona, not having among them effective engines, were obliged to carry water to extinguish the flames, which they did with great eagerness. Amidst the din of different cries was heard the clank of chains, from the galley slaves, who were employed in saving that city which served them for a prison. The different nations of the Levant, which commerce draws to Ancona, expressed their fear by the

stupor which appeared in their looks. The merchants, on beholding their warehouses in flames, entirely lost their presence of mind. Alarm for the loss of fortune affects the common order of men as much as the fear of death, and does not inspire that energy of the soul, that enthusiasm which brings resources to our aid.

The cries of the sailors have always something doleful and lengthened in them, and were now rendered still more so by terror. The mariners, on the shores of the Adriatic, are clad in a red and brown great coat, of most singular appearance, and from the midst of this vestment arose the animated countenances of the Italians, which painted fear in a thousand shapes. The inhabitants, throwing themselves down in the streets, covered their heads with their cloaks, as if nothing remained for them

now to do, but to avoid seeing their disaster; others precipitated themselves into those flames from which they entertained no hope of escaping. A thoughtless fury, and a blind resignation, appeared by turns; but no where was seen that cool deliberation which redoubles our resources and our strength.

Oswald recollected that there were two English vessels in the harbour, which had on board of them engines of the best construction: he ran to the captain, who accompanied him in a boat to bring away these engines. The inhabitants, seeing them enter the bark, exclaimed, "*Ah! strangers you do well to quit our unhappy city!*" "We shall come back again," said Oswald. They did not believe him. He returned, however, fixed one of the engines opposite the first house on fire, near the port,

and the other facing that which was burning in the middle of the street. The Count D'Erfeuil exposed his life with carelessness, courage, and gaiety; the English sailors, and the domestics of Lord Nelville, all came to his aid; for the inhabitants of Ancona remained motionless, hardly comprehending what these strangers were about, and not expecting the least success from them.

The bells rang in every quarter, the priests made processions, the women lamented, and prostrated themselves before the images of the saints, at the corners of the streets; but no one thought of those natural succours which God has given to man for his defence. However, when they saw that the flames became extinguished, and that their houses would be saved, they passed from astonishment to enthusiasm; they thronged about Lord Nelville, and kissed

his hands with such forward eagerness, that he was obliged to appear angry, in order to drive away from him all who might obstruct the rapid succession of orders, and of works necessary to save the city. Every body was arranged under his command; because, in the least as well as in the greatest circumstances, when danger presents itself, courage assumes its proper station; and as soon as men are possessed with fear, they cease to be jealous of one another.

Oswald, however, amid the general din, discovered some cries, more horrible than the rest, which resounded from the other extremity of the city. He demanded whence these cries proceeded, and was informed, that they came from the quarter which was allotted for the Jews: the officer of the police was accustomed to shut the gates of this quarter over night, and, the fire having

reached that part of the city, the Jews had no means of escaping.

Oswald shuddered at this idea, and demanded that the gates should be immediately opened; but some women from among the people who heard him, threw themselves at his feet, intreating him to desist. — “*You see very well,*” said they, “*our good angel! that it is certainly on account of these Jews, who reside here, that we have suffered this fire; it is they who bring calamity upon us, and if you set them at liberty, all the water in the sea will not extinguish the flames.*” And they besought Oswald to let the Jews be burnt, with as much eloquence and softness as if they were soliciting an act of clemency. This was not the effect of natural cruelty, but of a superstitious imagination, acutely impressed by a great misfortune; however, Oswald

could hardly contain his indignation at their horrid petition.

He sent four English sailors with hatchets to break open the gates, which inclosed these unfortunate people, who spread themselves, in an instant, through the city, running to their merchandize with that avidity of worldly wealth which has something very melancholy in it, when it induces mortals to risk their lives for its preservation. One would say, that in the present state of society, the simple blessing of life is esteemed by man of little value.

There now remained but one house at the top of the city, which the flames surrounded in such a manner that it was impossible to extinguish them, and more impossible to enter it. The inhabitants of Ancona had manifested so little concern for this house, that the English, sailors not believing it to be inhabited,

had dragged their engines towards the harbour. Oswald himself, stunned by the cries of those who surrounded him and solicited his aid, had not paid attention to it. The fire had extended the latest to that quarter; but had made considerable progress there. Lord Neville demanded so impatiently what house that was, that at length a man informed him it was the *Hospital for Lunatics*! At this idea his whole soul was agitated; he returned, but found none of the sailors; the Count d'Erfeuil was not there either; and he would vainly have addressed himself to the inhabitants of Ancona: they were almost all occupied in saving their merchandize, and considered it absurd to run any risk to rescue men, of whom there was not one who was not incurably mad: "*It is a blessing from Heaven,*" said they, "*for them, and for their relations, that*

they should die in this manner ; without any one incurring a crime by their death."

Whilst they held such language as this about Oswald, he proceeded with the utmost speed towards the hospital, and the crowd, by whom he was censured, followed him, with a confused sentiment of involuntary enthusiasm. As Oswald approached the house, he saw, at the only window which was not surrounded with flames, a number of lunatics, who regarded the progress of the fire with that horrid kind of smile, which either supposes ignorance of all the ills of life, or so much grief at the bottom of the soul, that death in no shape can terrify it. An inexpressible shuddering seized upon Oswald at this sight ; he had felt, in the most dreadful moment of his despair, that his reason was on the point of being affected, and since that epoch, the aspect of madness,

always inspired him with the most sorrowful emotions of pity. He seized a ladder, which he found near the spot, fixed it against the wall, and entered by the window, into an apartment where the unhappy people, who remained in the hospital, were assembled together.

Their insanity was so harmless, that, with the exception of one, who was chained in this very room, where the flames already began to appear through the door, but had not yet consumed the ceiling, they were suffered to be at large in the interior of the house. These miserable creatures, quite degraded by malady and suffering, were so surprised, and enchanted, by the appearance of Oswald among them, that they obeyed him at first without resistance. He ordered them to descend before him, one after another, by means of the ladder, which the flames might devour in a

moment. The first of these wretched people obeyed without uttering a word; the accent and the physiognomy of Lord Nelville had entirely subdued him. A third wished to resist, without suspecting the danger that he incurred, by each moment of delay, and without thinking of the peril to which he exposed Oswald in detaining him. The people, who felt all the horrors of his situation, cried out to Lord Nelville to return, and to let those maniacs get away how they could. But the deliverer would listen to nothing, till he had achieved his generous enterprize.

Of the six lunatics, who were in the hospital, five were already saved; there now only remained the sixth, who was chained. Oswald loosened his irons, and endeavoured to make him take the same means of escaping, as his companions had done; but it was a poor young man,

whose reason was entirely obliterated, and, finding himself at liberty, after being chained for two years, he darted into the room with an extravagant joy. This joy arose to fury, when Oswald tried to make him go out at the window. Lord Nelville perceiving then that it was impossible to prevail upon this maniac to save himself, though the flames increased around them, seized him in his arms, in spite of the efforts of the unhappy wretch who struggled against his benefactor. He carried him off, without knowing where he placed his feet; so much was his sight obscured by the smoke; he leaped from nearly the middle of the ladder and consigned the lunatic, who loaded him with curses, to some people whom he made promise to take care of him.

Oswald, animated by the danger he had just ran, his hair dishevelled, his look

so proud, yet so mild, struck with admiration, and almost with fanaticism, the crowd who beheld him; the women, above all, expressed themselves with that imagination which is an almost universal gift in Italy, and even gives a nobleness to the conversation of the lower orders of the people. They threw themselves on their knees before him, and cried, "*You are surely St. Michael, the patron of our city; display thy wings most holy saint! but do not quit us: deign to ascend the steeple of the cathedral, that all the city may behold, and pray to thee.*" "*My child is sick,*" said one, "*heal him.*" "*Tell me,*" said another, "*where my husband is, who has been absent several years?*" Oswald was only anxious to escape from this superstitious throng. The Count d'Erfeuil arrived, and said to him, squeezing his hand, "My dear Nelville, we ought to share with our friends; it is unkind of you thus to

monopolize all the danger to yourself."

"Release me from these people," said Oswald to him, in a low voice. A moment of darkness favoured their flight, and both of them went in haste to get post horses.

Lord Nelville experienced, at first, some pleasure from the good action he had just performed, but with whom could he enjoy it, now that his best friend was no more? How unhappy is the lot of orphans! The most fortunate events, as well as the most painful, make them feel alike the solitude of the heart. How is it possible, in effect, ever to replace that affection which is born with us, that intelligence, that sympathy of blood, that friendship prepared by heaven between the child and the father? We may still, it is true, find an object of love; but one in whom we can confide our whole soul is an irretrievable blessing.

CHAP. V.

OSWALD pursued his journey through Ancona, and the Ecclesiastical States, without any thing attracting his observation, or exciting his interest: this was occasioned as well by the melancholy habit of his soul, as by a certain natural indolence, from which he was only to be aroused by strong passions. His taste for the arts had not yet unfolded itself; he had never dwelt but in France, where nothing is thought of but company, and in London, where political interests absorb almost every other: his imagination, concentrated in his sufferings, had not yet

learnt to take pleasure in the wonders of nature, and the chef d'œuvres of art.

The Count d'Erfeuil traversed every town with the "Traveller's Guide" in his hand, and had at once the double pleasure of seeing every thing, and of declaring, that he had seen nothing which could excite admiration in any person acquainted with France. The ennui of Count d'Erfeuil discouraged Oswald; he, besides, entertained prejudices against the Italians, and against Italy: he did not yet penetrate the mystery of this nation, or of this country;—a mystery which must be comprehended by the imagination, rather than by that judging faculty which is particularly developed in an English education.

The Italians are much more remarkable by what they have been, and by what they might be, than by what they actually are. The deserts which sur-

round the city of Rome, that land which, fatigued with glory, seems to hold in contempt the praise of being productive, presents but an uncultivated, and negligent country to him who considers it with regard to utility. Oswald, accustomed from his infancy to the love of order and public prosperity, received, at first, unfavorable impressions, in traversing those deserted plains which announce your approach to that city, formerly the queen of the world: he blamed the indolence of the inhabitants, and that of their rulers. Lord Nelville judged of Italy as an enlightened minister; the Count d'Erfeuil, as a man of the world: thus the one from reason, and the other from levity, were not sensible of that effect which the country about Rome produces upon the imagination, when it is impressed with the recollections, the sympathies, the natural

beauties, and the illustrious misfortunes which spread over these regions an undefinable charm.

The Count made very comic lamentations on the environs of Rome. "What" said he, "no country house, no carriage, nothing that announces the vicinity of a great city? Heavens! what a melancholy prospect!" In approaching Rome, the postillions cried, with transport, "*See Sirs! See, there is the dome of St. Peter's!*" It is thus that the Neapolitans shew mount Vesuvius: and the sea excites the same emotions of pride in the inhabitants of the coasts. "One would have thought they had seen the dome of the invalids;" cried the Count d'Erfeuil. This comparison, more patriotic than just, destroyed the impression which Oswald might have received on beholding this magnificent wonder of human creation. They en-

tered Rome, not on a fine day—not on a fine night—but on a gloomy evening, which tarnished, and confounded, every object. They traversed the Tiber without remarking it; they arrived at Rome by the gate of the people, which conducts immediately to the Corso, to the largest street of the modern city; but to that part of Rome which possesses the least originality, because it resembles more the other cities of Europe.

The crowd were walking in the streets; the puppet shows, and the charlatans, were formed in groups in the square, where stands the pillar of Antoninus. All the attention of Oswald was captivated by the objects nearest to him. The name of Rome no longer vibrated through his soul; he felt nothing but that isolation, which huts up the heart when we enter a strange city; when we

behold that multitude of people to whom our existence is unknown, and who have no interest in common with us. Those reflections, so sad for every man, are still more so for the English, who are accustomed to live among themselves, and who with difficulty enter into the manners of other nations. In the vast caravansary of Rome, every thing is foreign ; even the Romans who inhabit there are not the possessors ; *but like the pilgrims who repose beneath the ruins.* (2.) Oswald, oppressed with painful sensations, shut himself up at home, and went not out to see the city. He was very far from thinking that this country, which he entered under such sadness, and dejection of spirits, would soon become, for him, a source of so many new ideas and enjoyments.

BOOK II.

Corinna at the Capitol.

CHAPTER I.

Oswald awoke in Rome. His first looks were saluted by the brilliancy of an Italian sun, and his soul was penetrated with a sentiment of love and gratitude towards that Heaven which seemed manifested in its resplendent beams. He heard the bells of the different churches of the city; and the firing of cannon, at various distances, announced some great solemnity. He demanded the cause of it, and was informed, that that morning was to be crowned, at the Capitol, the most celebrated woman in Italy.

CORINNA, poetess, writer, improvisatrix,* and one of the greatest beauties of Rome. He made some enquiries respecting this ceremony, consecrated by the names of Petrarch and of Tasso, and all the answers that he received strongly excited his curiosity.

There is certainly nothing more contrary to the habits and opinions of an Englishman, than this great publicity given to the destiny of a woman; but even foreigners are affected, at least for a moment, with that enthusiasm which the Italians receive from all those talents that belong to the imagination; and they forget the prejudices of their country, amidst a nation so warm in the expression of its feelings. The common people of Rome reason with taste upon their statues, pictures, monuments, and

* A succeeding note of the translator's will explain the meaning of this appellation.

antiquities; and literary merit, carried to a certain pitch, excites in them a national interest.

Oswald quitted his lodgings to repair to the public square, where he heard everybody speaking of the genius and talents of Corinna. The streets, through which she was to pass, had been decorated; the people, who rarely assemble together, except to pay their homage to fortune or power, were, upon this occasion, almost in a tumult, to behold a female, whose mind was her only claim to distinction. In the actual state of the Italians, the field of glory is only open to them in the fine arts; and they possess a sensibility for genius in that department, which ought to give birth to great men, if applause alone were sufficient to produce them, if it did not require a strong mind, great interest, and an independent life, to nourish thought.

Oswald walked the streets of Rome, waiting the arrival of Corinna. At every instant he heard her name accompanied with some anecdote concerning her, which spoke an assemblage of all those talents that captivate the imagination. One said that her voice was the most excellent in Italy; another, that nobody played tragedy like her; somebody else, that she designed with as much taste as invention: all said, that nobody had ever written, or delivered such fine verses, and that, in habitual conversation, she possessed, by turns, a grace and eloquence which charmed every mind. Disputes were entered into as to what city of Rome had given her birth; but the Romans maintained, warmly, that she must have been born in Rome to speak Italian in such purity as she did. No one was acquainted with her family name. Her first work had appeared,

five years before, and only bore the name of Corinna. Nobody knew where she had lived, nor what she had been before that epoch: she was, however, nearly twenty-six years of age. This mystery and publicity both at the same time, this woman of whom every body spoke, but whose real name was known to nobody, appeared to Lord Nelville one of the wonders of the singular country he had just come to live in. He would have judged very severely of such a woman in England; but he did not apply the usual etiquette of society to Italy; and the coronation of Corinna inspired him, before hand, with that interest which an adventure of Ariosto would give birth to.

Very fine and brilliant music preceded the arrival of the triumphal procession. Any event, whatever it may be, which is announced by music, always

produces emotion. A great number of Roman Lords, and some foreigners, preceded the car of Corinna. “*That is the train of admirers!*” said a Roman. “*Yes,*” replied the other, “*she receives the incense of every body ; but she grants nobody a decided preference : she is rich and independent ; it is even believed, and certainly her appearance bespeaks it, that she is a woman of illustrious birth.*” “*Be it as it may,*” replied a third, “*she is a goddess wrapt in a cloud.*” Oswald looked at the man who spoke thus, and everything about him indicated that he belonged to the most obscure rank in society ; but in the south, people so naturally make use of poetical expressions, that one would say, they were inhaled with the air, and inspired by the sun.

At length, way was made through the crowd, for the four white horses that

drew the car of Corinna. Corinna was seated in this car, which was constructed upon an antique model, and young girls, dressed in white, walked on each side of her. Wherever she passed, an abundance of perfumes was thrown into the air; the windows, decorated with flower-pots, and scarlet tapestry, were crowded with spectators; every body cried, “*Long live Corinna!*” “*Long live Genius and Beauty!*” The emotion was general, but Lord Nelville did not yet partake of it; and though he had observed in his own mind, that, in order to judge of such a ceremony, we must lay aside the reserve of the English, and the pleasantry of the French, he did not share heartily in the fête, till at last he beheld Corinna.

She was dressed like the Sybil of Dominiquino; an Indian shawl twisted about her head, and her hair, of the

finest jet black, entwined with this shawl; her gown was white, with blue drapery from her bosom downwards, and her costume was very picturesque; at the same time without departing so much from established modes as to savour of affectation. Her attitude on the car, was noble and modest: it was easily perceived that she was pleased with being admired; but a sense of timidity was mingled with her joy, and seemed to ask pardon for her triumph. The expression of her physiognomy, of her eyes, of her smile, interested all in her favour; and the first look made Lord Nelville her friend, even before that sentiment was subdued by a warmer impression. Her arms were of dazzling beauty; her shape, tall, but a little masculine, after the manner of the Grecian statues, energetically characterised youth and happiness; and there was something inspired in her

look. One might perceive, in her manner of greeting and returning thanks for the applauses which she received, a kind of disposition which heightened the lustre of the extraordinary situation in which she was placed. She gave at once the idea of a priestess of Apollo, advancing towards the temple of the Sun, and of a woman of perfect simplicity in the common relations of life. To conclude, in her every motion there was a charm which excited interest, curiosity, astonishment, and affection. The admiration of the people increased, in proportion as she advanced towards the Capitol—that spot so fertile in recollections. The beauty of the sky, the enthusiasm of these Romans, and, above all, Corinna, electrified the imagination of Oswald. He had often, in his own country, seen Statesmen carried in triumph by the people; but this was the first time he had been

witness of the honors paid to a woman—a woman illustrious only by the gifts of genius. Her laurels were not bedewed by the tears of any human being, and no regret, no terror operated to throw a damp upon that admiration, which the highest endowments of nature, imagination, sentiment, and mind, could not fail to excite.

Oswald was so absorbed in his reflections, so occupied by novel ideas, that he did not remark the antique, and celebrated places through which the car of Corinna passed. It was at the foot of the stair-case, which leads to the Capitol, that the car stopped; and at that moment all the friends of Corinna rushed forward to offer her their hand. She chose that of the prince Castel-Forte, the most esteemed of the Roman nobility for his intellect, and for his disposition: every one approved the choice of Co-

rinna, and she ascended the stairs of the Capitol, whose imposing majesty seemed to receive, with kind condescension, the light steps of a woman. A new flourish of music was heard, at the moment of Corinna's arrival; the cannon resounded, and the triumphant Sybil entered the palace prepared for her reception.

At the lower end of the hall in which she was received, were placed the senator who was to crown her, and the conservators of the senate: on one side all the cardinals, and the most distinguished women of the country; on the other the men of letters of the academy of Rome; and at the opposite extremity, the hall was occupied by a part of the immense crowd who had followed Corinna. The chair destined for her was placed a step below that of the senator. Corinna, before she seated herself in it, made a genuflection on the first step,

agreeably to the etiquette required in this august assembly. She did it with so much nobleness and modesty, so much mildness and dignity, that Lord Neville, in that moment, felt his eyes moist with tears: he was astonished at his own feelings; but in the midst of all her pomp, and triumph, it seemed to him that Corinna had implored, by her looks, the protection of a friend—that protection which no woman, however superior, can dispense with; and how sweet, said he, within himself, would it be to become the support of her, to whom sensibility alone renders that support necessary.

As soon as Corinna was seated, the Roman poets began to read the sonnets, and the odes, which they had composed for the occasion. They all exalted her to the skies; but the praises which they lavishly bestowed upon her, did not

draw any characteristic features of distinction between her and other women of superior talents. They were only pleasing combinations of images, and allusions to mythology, which might, from the days of Sappho to those in which we live, have been addressed, indiscriminately, to any woman who had rendered herself illustrious by her literary talents.

Already Lord Nelville felt hurt at this manner of panegyrising Corinna; he thought, in beholding her, that he could, at that very instant, draw a portrait of her, more true, more just, more characteristic—a portrait, in fact, that could only belong to Corinna.

CHAP. II.

THE Prince Castel-Forté then rose to speak, and his observations upon the merits of Corinna excited the attention of the whole assembly. He was about fifty years of age, and there was in his speech, and in his deportment, much deliberate ease and dignity. The assurances which Lord Nelville received from those about him, that he was only the friend of Corinna, excited, in his Lordship's mind, an interest for the portrait which he drew of her, unmixed with any other

emotion. Without such a security, a confused sentiment of jealousy had already disturbed the soul of Oswald.

The Prince Castel-Forté read some pages of prose, which were particularly calculated to display the genius of Corinna. He first pointed out the peculiar merit of her work, and said that that merit partly consisted of her profound study of foreign literature: she united, in the highest degree, imagination, florid description, and all the brilliancy of the south, with that knowledge, that observation of the human heart, which falls to the share of those countries, where exterior objects excite less interest.

He extolled the elegant graces, and the lively disposition of Corinna—a gaiety which partook of no improper levity; but proceeded solely from the vivacity of the mind, and the freshness

of the imagination. He attempted to praise her sensibility, but it was easily perceived that personal sympathy mingled itself with this part of his speech. He lamented the difficulty which a woman of her superior cast experienced of meeting with the object of which she has formed to herself an ideal portrait—a portrait clad with every endowment the heart and mind can wish for. He, however, took pleasure in painting the passionate sensibility which the poetry of Corinna inspired; and the art she possessed of seizing every striking relation between the beauties of nature, and the most intimate impressions of the soul. He exalted the originality of Corinna's expressions, those expressions which were the offspring of her character, and manner of feeling, without ever permitting any shade of affectation to disfigure a species of charm not only natural but involuntary.

He spoke of her eloquence, as possessing an irresistible force and energy, and which must the more transport her hearers, the more they possessed within themselves true intellectual sensibility. “Corinna” said he, “is indubitably the most celebrated woman of our country; and, nevertheless, it is only her friends who can properly delineate her, for we must always have recourse, in some degree, to conjecture, in order to discover the genuine qualities of the soul. They may be concealed from our knowledge, by celebrity as well as obscurity, if some sort of sympathy does not assist us to penetrate them.” He enlarged upon her talent for extempore poetry,* which did not resemble any thing of that description known in Italy. “It is not

* For that peculiar species of poetry here alluded to, called, in Italian, *Improvvisatore*, the translator can find no English denomination.

only to the fecundity of her mind, that we ought to attribute it;" said he; "but to the deep emotion which every generous thought excites in her. She cannot pronounce a word that recalls them, without enthusiasm, that inexhaustible source of sentiments, and of ideas, animating and inspiring her." The prince Castel-Forté also made his audience sensible of the beauties of a style, always pure and harmonious. "The poetry of Corinna," added he, "is an intellectual melody, which can alone express the charm of the most fugitive and delicate impressions."

He praised the conversation of his heroine in a manner that easily made it perceived he had experienced its delight. "Imagination and simplicity, justness and elevation, strength and softness, are united," said he, "in the same person, to give incessant variety to all the pleasures of the mind: we may apply

to her, this charming verse of Petrarch :

Il parlar che nell'anima si sent.

and, I believe, in her will be found, that grace so much boasted of, that oriental charm which the ancients attributed to Cleopatra.

“The places I have visited with her, the music we have heard together, the pictures she has pointed out to me, the books she has made me comprehend, compose the universe of my imagination. There is in all these objects a trait of her soul ; and if I were to exist at a distance from her, I would wish at least to be surrounded by those objects, certain as I am of finding nowhere else that spark of fire, that trace of herself, in fact, which she has left in them. Yes,” continued he, (and at that moment his eyes fell by chance upon Oswald,) “behold Corinna;

* The language which is felt at the bottom of the soul.

if you can pass your life with her, if that double existence, which it is in her power to give, can be assured to you for a long time; but do not behold her if you are condemned to quit her. You will seek in vain, as long as you live, that creative soul which shares and multiplies your sentiments and your thoughts. You will never behold her like again."

Oswald started at these words; his eyes fixed themselves upon Corinna, who heard them, with an emotion that was not inspired by self-love; but which was allied to the most amiable and delicate feelings. The Prince Castel-Forté was much affected for a moment, and then resumed his speech. He spoke of Corinna's talent for music, for painting, for declamation, and for dancing: In all these talents, he said, she was entirely herself; not confined to any particular manner, or to any particular rule; but

expressing, in various languages, the powers of the imagination, and the witchery of the fine arts, under all their different forms.

“I do not flatter myself,” said the Prince Castel-Forte, in concluding, “that I have been able to paint a lady, of whom it is impossible to form an idea, without having heard her; but her presence is, for us at Rome, as one of the benefits of our brilliant sky, and our inspired nature. Corinna is the tie that unites her friends together; she is the moving principle, and the interest of our life. We reckon upon her goodness; we are proud of her genius; we say to strangers: ‘Behold her! She is the image of our beautiful country, Italy; she is what we should be, without the ignorance, the envy, the discord, and the indolence to which our fate has condemned us. ‘We take pleasure in contemplating her as an admirable production

of our climate, and of our fine arts,—as a scion, shooting out of the past, and full of future promise. When foreigners shall insult this country, whence have issued those luminaries which have shed their light over Europe; when they shall appear without pity for our wrongs, which arise out of our misfortunes, we will say to them: ‘Behold Corinna! ’Tis our desire to follow her footsteps; we would endeavour to become, as men, what she is as woman, if man, like woman, could create a world in his own heart; and if our genius, necessarily dependent upon social relations, and exterior circumstances, could become fired by the torch of poetry alone.’ ”

The moment the Prince Castel-Forte left off speaking, unanimous applauses were heard on all sides; and though, towards the conclusion of his speech, he indirectly libelled the present state of the

Italians, all the nobles of the state approved of it: so true it is, that we find in Italy that sort of liberality, which does not lead men to alter establishments, but which pardons, in superior minds, a tranquil opposition to existing prejudices. He spoke with a judgment altogether rare; which is a remarkable gift in a nation who exhibit more intellect in their conduct than in their conversation. He did not, in his worldly concerns, shew that address which often distinguishes the Italians; but he took delight in thought, and did not dread the fatigue of meditation. The happy inhabitants of the south sometimes shrink from this fatigue, and flatter themselves that imagination will do every thing for them, as their fertile soil produces fruit without culture, assisted only by the bounty of the sky.

CHAP. III.

CORINNA arose when the Prince Castel-Forte had ceased speaking; she thanked him by an inclination of the head, so dignified, yet so mild, that it expressed at once the modesty and joy so natural at having received a praise congenial with our hearts. It was the custom, that every poet, crowned at the Capitol, should recite, extempore, some piece of poetry, before the destined laurel was placed on their head. Corinna ordered her lyre to

be brought to her—the instrument of her choice—which greatly resembled the harp, but was, however, more antique in form, and more simple in its sounds. In tuning it, she was seized with uncommon timidity; and it was with a trembling voice that she asked to know the subject imposed on her. “*The glory and happiness of Italy!*” cried all around her, with a unanimous voice. “Very well,” replied she, already fired with enthusiasm, already supported by her genius, “*the glory and happiness of Italy;*” and, feeling herself animated by the love of her country, she commenced the most charming strains; of which prose can give but a very imperfect idea.

*The extempore Effusion of Corinna, at
the Capitol.*

“ Italy, empire of the sun ! Italy, mistress of the world ! Italy, cradle of literature, I salute thee ! How often has the human race been subjected to thee, tributaries to thy arms, to thy fine arts, and to thy sky.

“ A deity quitted Olympus, to take refuge in Ausonia ; the aspect of this country recalled the virtues of the golden age ;—man appeared in it too happy to suppose him guilty.

“ Rome conquered the universe by her genius, and became sovereign by liberty. The Roman character was imprinted on the globe ; and the invasion of the Barbarians, in destroying Italy, obscured the whole world.

“ Italy appeared again with the divine

treasures which the fugitive Greeks brought back to her bosom ; heaven revealed its laws to her ; the boldness of her children discovered a new hemisphere ; she again became sovereign by the sceptre of thought ; but this laurelled sceptre only produced ingratitude.

“ Imagination restored to her the universe which she had lost. The painters and the poets created for her an earth, an Olympus, a hell, and a heaven ; and her native fire, better guarded by her genius than by the Pagan deity, found not a Prometheus to ravish it from her.

“ Why am I at the Capitol ? Why is my humble forehead about to receive the crown which Petrarch has worn, and which remains suspended on the gloomy cypress that weeps over the tomb of Tasso ?—Why, if you were not so enamoured of glory, my fellow countrymen,

that you recompense its worship as much as its success?

“ Well, if you so love this glory, which too often chooses its victims among the conquerors which it has crowned, reflect, with pride, upon those ages which beheld the new birth of the arts. Dante, the modern Homer, the hero of thought, the sacred poet of our religious mysteries, plunged his genius into the Styx, to land upon the infernal regions, and his mind was profound as the abyss which he has described.

“ Italy, in the days of her power, was wholly revived in Dante. Animated by a republican spirit, warrior as well as poet, he breathed action among the dead; and his shadows have a more vivid existence than the living here below.

“ Terrestrial remembrances pursue them still; their passions, without any object, devour one another in the heart; they

are moved at the past, which seems to them less irrevocable than their future eternity.

“ One would say, that Dante, banished his country, has transported, into imaginary regions, the pangs which devoured him. His ghosts incessantly demand news from the scene of mortal existence, as the poet himself eagerly enquires after his native country ; and hell presents itself to him in the form of exile.

“ All, in his eyes, are clothed in the costume of Florence. The ancient dead, whom he invokes, seem to be born again as completely Tuscan as himself. It was not that his mind was limited—it was the energy of his soul, that embraced the whole universe within the circle of his thoughts.

“ A mystical concatenation of circles and of spheres conducts him from hell to purgatory, from purgatory to paradise.

Faithful historian of his vision, he pours a flood of light upon the most obscure regions, and the world, which he creates in his triple poem, is as complete, as animated, and as brilliant, as a planet newly-discovered in the firmament.

“ At his voice, the whole earth assumes a poetical form; its objects, ideas, laws, and phenomenæ, seem a new Olympus of fresh deities; but this mythology of the imagination is annihilated, like paganism, at the aspect of paradise, of that ocean of light, sparkling with rays and with stars, with virtues and with love.

“ The magic words of our great poet are the prism of the universe; in it, all its wonders are reflected, divided, and re-composed; sounds imitate colours, and the latter are blended in harmony; rhyme, sonorous or unequal, rapid or lengthened, is inspired by this poetical divination;

supreme beauty of the art! triumph of genius! which discovers in nature every secret in affinity with the heart of man.

“ Dante expected from his poem, the termination of his exile; he reckoned on Fame as his mediator; but he died too soon to receive the palm of his country. Often is the fleeting life of man worn out in adversity! and if glory triumph: if at length he land upon a happier shore, he no sooner enters the port, than the grave yawns before him, and destiny, in a thousand shapes, often announces the termination of life, by the return of happiness.

“ Thus unfortunate Tasso, whom your homage, Romans, was to console for all the injustice he had suffered; Tasso, the handsome, the sensible, the heroic, dreaming of exploits feeling the love which he sang, approached these walls as his heroes did those of Jerusalem—

with respect and gratitude. But on the eve of the day chosen for his coronation, he is called, by death, to assist at his gloomy solemnity: Heaven is jealous of the earth, and recalls her favourite from the deceitful shores of Time!

“ In an age more proud, and more free than that of Tasso, Petrarch was, like Dante, the valorous poet of Italian independence. In other climes, he is only known by his amours;—here, more severe recollections encircle his name with never-fading honor; for it is known that he was more enamoured of his country than of Laura herself.

“ He re-animated antiquity by his vigils; and, far from his imagination raising any obstacle to the most profound studies that creative power, in submitting the future to his will, revealed to him the secrets of past ages, he discovered how greatly knowledge assists the inven-

tion ; and his genius was so much the more original, since, like the Eternal Power, he could be present at all periods of time.

“ Ariosto derived inspiration from our serene atmosphere, and our delicious climate. He is the rainbow which appeared after our long wars : brilliant and variegated, like that herald of fine weather, he seems to sport familiarly with life ; his light and gentle gaiety is the smile of nature, and not the irony of man.

“ Michael Angelo, Raphael, Pergolesi, Galileo, and you, intrepid travellers, greedy of new countries, though nature could offer nothing finer than your own, join your glory also to that of the poets. Artists, scholars, philosophers ! you are, like them, the children of that sun which by turns develops the imagination, concentrates thought, excites courage, lulls

us into a happy slumber, and seems to promise every thing; or cause it to be forgotten.

“ Do you know that land where the Orange-trees bloom; which the rays of heaven make fertile with love? Have you heard those melodious sounds, which celebrate the mildness of the nights? Have you breathed those perfumes, which are the luxury of that air, already so pure and so mild? Answer, strangers; is nature in your countries so beautiful, and so beneficent?

“ In other regions, when social calamities afflict a country, the people must there believe themselves abandoned by the Deity; but here, we ever feel the protection of heaven; we see that he interests himself for man, that he has deigned to treat him as a noble being.

“ It is not only with vine branches, and with ears of corn, that Nature is

here adorned; but she prodigally strews beneath the feet of man, as on the birthday of a sovereign, an abundance of useless plants and flowers, which, destined for the gay purpose of pleasing, scorn the meed of utility.

“The most delicate pleasures, nourished by nature, are tasted by a nation worthy to enjoy them;—a nation who are satisfied with the most simple dishes; who do not become intoxicated at the fountains of wine, which plenty prepares for them;—a nation who love their sun, their fine arts, their monuments, their country, at once antique and modern;—a nation that stand equally aloof from the refined pleasures of luxury, as from the gross and sordid pleasures of a mercenary people.”

“Here sensations are confounded with ideas; life is entirely exhausted at the same source, and the soul, like that air

which it inhales, inhabits the confines of earth, and of heaven. Here, genius feels at ease in a climate auspicious to the calm of reverie, which tranquillises it when disturbed, when, without an object, conjures up for it a thousand chimeras, and, if oppressed by men, nature is there to receive it."

"Thus is our country ever beneficent, and her succouring hand heals every wound. Here, even, the pangs of the heart receive consolation, in admiring a God of bounty, and penetrating the secrets of his love; not in our fleeting days, mysterious harbingers of eternity, but in the fertile and majestic bosom of the immortal universe."

Corinna was interrupted, for some moments, by a torrent of applause. Oswald alone took no share in the noisy transports that surrounded him. He had leaned his head upon his hand, when

Corinna said: “ *Here, even, the pangs of the heart receive consolation;*” and had not raised it since. Corinna remarked it, and soon, from his features, the colour of his hair, his costume, his lofty figure, from his whole manner, in short, she knew him for an Englishman: she was struck with his mourning habit, and the melancholy pictured in his countenance. His look, at that moment fixed upon her, seemed full of gentle reproaches; she guessed the thoughts that occupied his mind, and felt the necessity of satisfying him, by speaking of happiness with less confidence, and in the midst of a festival consecrating some verses to death. She then resumed her lyre, with this design, and having produced silence in the assembly, by the moving, and lengthened sounds which she drew from her instrument, began thus:

“ There are griefs, however, which

our balmy sky cannot efface; but in what retreat can sorrow make a softer, and more noble impression upon the soul, than here?

“ In other countries, hardly do the living find space sufficient for their rapid motions, and their ardent desires: here, ruins, deserts, and uninhabited palaces, afford an asylum for the shades of the departed. Is not Rome now the land of tombs?

“ The Coliseum, the obelisks, all the wonders which from Egypt, and from Greece, from the extremity of ages, from Romulus to Leo X. are assembled here, as if grandeur attracted grandeur; and as if the same spot was to enclose all that man could secure from the ravages of time: all these wonders are consecrated to the monuments of the dead. Our indolent life is scarcely perceived; the silence of the living, is an homage paid to the dead;

who still seem to exist, while we are but passing away.

“ They only are honoured, they are still celebrated: our obscure destinies serve only to heighten the lustre of our ancestors: our present existence leaves nothing standing but the past; it will exact no tribute from future recollections! All our *chef-d’œuvres*, are the work of those who are no more, and genius itself is numbered among the illustrious dead.

“ Perhaps one of the secret charms of Rome, is to reconcile the imagination with the sleep of death. Here we imbibe resignation, and suffer less pangs of regret for the objects of our love. The people of the south, picture to themselves the end of life, in colours less gloomy than the inhabitants of the north. Our sun, like the rays of glory, make the grave a pleasing object of contemplation.

“ The cold, and isolation of the sepulchre, beneath our lovely sky, by the side of so many funereal urns, have less terrors for the human mind. We believe a crowd of spirits waiting for our company ; and from our solitary city, to the subterranean one, the transition seems easy and gentle.

“ Thus the edge of grief is taken off ; not that the heart becomes hardened, or the soul arid ; but a more perfect harmony, a more odoriferous air, mingles with existence. We abandon ourselves to nature with less fear—to nature, of whom the Creator has said : “ The lilies do not work, neither do they sow ; and, nevertheless, what regal vestments can equal the magnificence with which I have clothed these flowers ? ”

Oswald was so ravished with these last strains, that he gave the most lively testimonies of his approbation ; and, upon this occasion, the transports of the Italians

themselves did not equal his. In fact, it was to him, more than to the Romans, that the second effusion of Corinna was directed.

The greater part of the Italians have, in reading poetry, a kind of singing monotony, called *cantilene*, which destroys all emotion. It is in vain that the words vary—the impression remains the same; since the accent, more essential than even the words, hardly varies at all. But Corinna recited with a variety of tone, which did not destroy its continued harmony;—it was like several different airs played on some celestial instrument.

The tones of Corinna's voice, full of sensibility and emotion, giving effect to the Italian language, so pompous and so sonorous, produced upon Oswald an impression entirely novel. The English prosody is uniform and veiled; its natural beauties are all of a sombre cast; its colouring has been

formed by clouds, and its modulation by the roaring of the sea ; but when Italian words, brilliant as an Italian festival, resounding like those instruments of victory, which have been compared to scarlet among colours ; when these words, bearing the stamp of that joy which a fine climate spreads through every heart,—when those words are pronounced by an animated voice, their lustre softened, their strength concentrated, the soul is affected in a manner as acute as unforeseen. The intention of nature seems baffled ; her benefits of no use ; her offers rejected ; and the expression, in the midst of so many enjoyments, astonishes and affects more deeply than if grief were sung in those northern languages which it seems to inspire.

CHAP. IV.

THE Senator took the crown of myrtle and of laurel, which he was to place on the head of Corinna. She removed the shawl which graced her forehead, and all her ebon hair fell in ringlets about her shoulders. She advanced, with her head bare, and her look animated by a sentiment of pleasure and gratitude, which she sought not to conceal. She a second time bent her knee, to receive the crown ; but she discovered less agitation and tremor than at first ; she had just spoken ; she had just filled her mind with

the most noble thoughts, and enthusiasm conquered diffidence. She was no longer a timid woman ; but an inspired priestess, who joyfully consecrated herself to the worship of genius.

As soon as the crown was placed on the head of Corinna, all the instruments were heard in those triumphant airs which fill the soul with the most sublime elevation. The sound of kettle-drums, and the flourish of trumpets, inspired Corinna with new emotions—her eyes were filled with tears—she sat down a moment, and covered her face with her handkerchief. Oswald, most sensibly affected, quitted the crowd, and advanced to speak to her ; but was withheld by an invincible embarrassment. Corinna looked at him for some time, taking care, nevertheless, that he should not observe the attention she paid him ; but when the Prince Castel-Forte came to take her hand, in order to conduct her to the car,

she yielded to his politeness with an absent mind; and, while she permitted him to hand her along, turned her head several times, under various pretexts, to take another view of Oswald.

He followed her; and, at the moment when she descended the staircase, accompanied by her train, she made a retrograde movement, in order to behold him once more, when her crown fell off. Oswald hastened to pick it up; and, in restoring it to her, said, in Italian, that an humble mortal like himself, might venture to place at the feet of a goddess, that crown which he dared not presume to place on her head. (4) Corinna thanked Lord Nelville in English, with that pure national accent—that pure insular accent, which has scarcely ever been successfully imitated on the continent. What was the astonishment of Oswald, in hearing her! He remained at first immovably fixed to the spot where he was; and

feeling disordered, he supported himself upon one of the lions of black marble, at the foot of the staircase descending from the Capitol. Corinna viewed him again, forcibly struck with the emotion he betrayed ; but she was dragged away towards the car, and the whole crowd disappeared, long before Oswald had recovered his strength, and his presence of mind.

Corinna, till then, had enchanted him, as the most charming of foreigners—as one of the wonders of that country he had come to visit ; but her English accent recalled every recollection of his native country, and, in a manner, naturalised all the charms of Corinna. Was she English ? Had she passed several years of her life in England ? He was lost in conjecture ; but it was impossible that study alone could have taught her to speak thus—Corinna and Lord Neville must have lived in the same country. Who knows whether their families were

not intimate ? Perhaps, even, he had seen her in his infancy ! We often have in our hearts, we know not what kind of innate image of that which we love, which may persuade us that we recognise for it an object we behold for the first time.

Oswald had cherished many prejudices against the Italians ; he believed them passionate, but changeable, and incapable of any deep and lasting affection. Already had the language of Corinna, at the Capitol, inspired him with a different idea. What would be his fortune, then, if he could at once recover the recollections of his native country, and receive, by imagination, a new existence,—become alive to the future, without forgetting the past !

In the midst of his reveries, Oswald found himself upon the bridge of St. Angelo, which leads to the castle of the same name, or rather to the tomb of Adrian, which has been converted into a fortress.

The silence of the place, the pale waves of the Tiber, the moon-beams, which shed their mild radiance upon the statues placed on the bridge, and gave to those statues the appearance of white spectres, steadfastly regarding the current of the waters, and that of time, which no longer concerned them ; all these objects led him back to his habitual ideas. He put his hand upon his breast, and felt the portrait of his father, which he always carried there ; he untied it, contemplated the features, and the momentary happiness which he had just experienced, as well as the cause of that happiness, only recalled, with too severe a remembrance, the sentiment which had already rendered him so guilty towards his father : This reflection renewed his remorse.

“Eternal recollection of my life !” cried he : “Friend so offended, yet so generous ! Could I have believed that any pleasurable

sensation would so soon have found access to my heart? It is not thou, best and most indulgent of men,—it is not thou who reproachest me with them—it was thy wish that I should be happy, and, in spite of my errors, that is still thy desire. May I not forget thy voice, when thou speakest to me from the summit of heaven, as I have forgotten it upon earth !”

BOOK III.

CORINNA.

CHAPTER I.

THE Count d'Erfeuil was present at the ceremony of the Capitol: He came the next day to Lord Nelville, and said to him, "My dear Oswald, shall I take you this evening to see Corinna?" "How!" interrupted Oswald; "are you acquainted with her, then?" "No," replied the Count d'Erfeuil; "but so celebrated a lady is always flattered, when people express a desire to see her; and I have written to her this morning, to request permission to visit

her in the evening, accompanied by you.” “I could have wished,” replied Oswald, blushing, “that you had not named me in this manner, without my consent.” “Do not be angry with me,” replied the Count d’Erfeuil, “for having spared you some tiresome formalities: Instead of going to an ambassador, who would have taken you to a cardinal, who would have conducted you to a lady, who would have introduced you to Corinna, I present you—you present me, and we shall both of us be very well received, I have no doubt.”

“I am less confident on that subject than you,” replied Lord Nelville, “and, certainly not without reason. I am afraid that this forward request may have displeased Corinna.” “Not at all, really,” said the Count d’Erfeuil; “she has too much good sense for that; and her answer is extremely polite, I assure you.” “How! she has answered you,” replied Lord Nel-

ville ; “ and what has she said to you, my dear Count ? ” “ Ah, my dear Count ! ” said M. d’Erfeuil, laughing, “ you change your note then, since you know that Corinna has answered me ; but, however, *I love you, and all is pardoned.* I will confess to you then, modestly, that in my note I had spoken of myself more than of you ; and that, in her answer, she seems to have named you first ; but I am never jealous of my friends.” “ Indeed,” replied Lord Nelville, “ I do not think that either you or I have any reason to flatter ourselves with being agreeable to Corinna ; and as to me, all that I desire, is sometimes to enjoy the society of so extraordinary a lady : So adieu till this evening, since you have arranged it so.” “ You will accompany me, then ? ” said the Count d’Erfeuil.” “ Yes, I will,” answered Lord Nelville, with visible embarrassment. “ Why, then,” continued the Count “ find fault with what I have done ? ”

You finish as I have begun ; but, however, I must allow you the honour of being more reserved than I, provided you lose nothing by it. Corinna is, certainly, a charming lady ; she is graceful and witty ; I could not comprehend what she said, very well, because she spoke Italian ; but I would venture to lay a wager, from only seeing her, that she is mistress of the French : However, we shall judge of that in the evening. She leads a very singular life ; she is rich, young, and independent ; yet no one can tell, to a certainty, whether she has lovers, or not. It appears certain, notwithstanding, that, at present, she gives a preference to no one ; indeed," added he, " it may be the case, that she has not been able to find in this country a man worthy of her : That would not astonish me at all."

The Count held this kind of discourse some time longer, without being interrupted by Lord Nelville. He said nothing that

was not seasonable; but he always wounded the delicate feelings of Oswald, by speaking with too much boldness, or too much levity upon what interested him. There are little precautions that even wit and knowledge of the world will not teach; so that, without being wanting in the most perfect politeness, we may often wound the heart.

Lord Nelville was very much agitated the whole day in thinking of the visit he was to make in the evening; but he drove away from him, as much as he could, the reflections which disturbed him, and endeavoured to persuade himself, that he might find pleasure in a sentiment, without permitting it to decide the fate of his life. False security! for the soul receives no pleasure from anything which it deems transient.

Oswald and the Count arrived at Corinna's house, which was situated in

Quartiero di Transtevere, a little beyond the castle of St. Angelo.

The view of the Tiber gave an additional embellishment to this house, which was ornamented, internally, with the most perfect elegance. The saloon was decorated with copies, in plaster, of the best statues in Italy—Niobe, Laocoon, Venus de Medicis, and the dying Gladiator. In the apartment where Corinna received company were instruments of music, books and furniture, not more remarkable for its simplicity, than for its convenience; being merely arranged so as to render the conversation easy, and to draw the circle more closely together. Corinna had not yet made her appearance when Oswald arrived; in waiting for her he walked about the apartment with much eager curiosity, remarking, in every particular, a happy medley of all that is most agreeable in the English, French, and

Italian nations ; the love of literature, the taste for society, and a passion for the fine arts.

Corinna, at length, appeared ; her costume was still picturesque, without being far-fetched. Her hair was ornamented with antique cameos, and she wore a necklace of coral : her politeness was noble and easy : in beholding her in the familiar circle of her friends, you might discover in her the goddess of the Capitol, notwithstanding, she was perfectly simple and natural in everything. She first saluted the Count d'Erfeuil, her eyes fixed upon Oswald ; and then, as if she repeated this piece of falsehood, she advanced towards the latter—and it might be remarked, that, in addressing him by the title of Lord Nelville, that name seemed to produce a singular effect upon her, and twice she repeated it with a faltering voice, as if it recalled some affecting remembrances:

At length, in the most graceful manner, she thanked Lord Nelville, in Italian, for his obliging behaviour on the preceding day, in picking up her crown. Oswald answered by expressing the admiration she inspired him with, and gently complained of her not speaking to him upon this occasion in English: “Am I more an alien to you to-day,” added he, “than I was yesterday?” “No, certainly,” replied Corinna; “but when people have, like me, during several years, been in the habit of speaking two or three different languages, they are apt to employ that which will best convey the sentiments they wish to express.” “Surely,” said Oswald, “English is your natural language, that which you speak to your friends, that——” “I am an Italian,” interrupted Corinna—“pardon me, my lord, but I think I discover in you that national pride which often characterises your

countrymen. In this country we are more modest; we are neither pleased with ourselves like the French, nor proud of ourselves like the English: we only ask a little indulgence of foreigners, and as we have long ceased to be considered as a nation, we are guilty of sometimes being wanting, as individuals, in that dignity which is not allowed us as a people. But when you are acquainted with the Italians, you will see that they possess, in their character, some traces of ancient greatness, some rare traces which, though now effaced, may appear again in happier times. I will speak English to you sometimes, but not always: Italian is dear to me; for I have endured much," added she, "to reside in Italy."

The Count d'Erfeuil politely reproached Corinna with having entirely forgotten him, by expressing herself

in languages he did not understand. “Lovely Corinna,” said he to her, “pray talk French; indeed you are worthy of such an accomplishment.” Corinna smiled at this compliment, and began to speak French, with great purity, and much facility; but in an English accent. Lord Nelville and the Count d’Erfeuil were equally astonished; but the Count, who believed he might say anything, provided it was done with a grace, and who imagined that impoliteness consisted in the form, and not the substance, asked directly of Corinna, the reason of this singularity. She was, at first, a little discomposed at this sudden interrogation; but recovering her presence of mind, she said to the Count — “Probably, Sir, I have learnt French of an Englishman?” He smilingly renewed his questions; but with much earnestness. Corinna more and more

embarrassed, said to him, at last, “ For these four years past, Sir, that I have settled at Rome, none of my friends, none of those who, I am sure, are most interested on my account, have questioned me concerning my destiny ; they easily perceived that it was painful to me to speak on the subject.”

Those words put an end to the questions of the Count ; but Corinna was afraid she had offended him ; and, as he appeared to be very intimately connected with Lord Nelville, she feared still more, without asking herself the reason of such fear, that he might speak disadvantageously of her to his friend ; and, therefore, she set about taking every pain to please him.

The Prince Castel-Forte arrived at this moment, with several Romans, friends to him and Corinna. They were men of an amiable mind, and lively disposition ; very

prepossessing in their appearance, and so easily animated by the conversation of others, that it was a great pleasure to converse with them; so exquisitely did they appear to feel every thing that was worthy of being felt. The indolence of the Italians prevents them from displaying in company, or, often, in any way whatever, all the mind they possess. The greater part of them do not even cultivate, in retirement, the intellectual faculties that nature has given them; but they enjoy, with transport, that which comes to them without trouble.

Corinna possessed a very gay turn of wit; she was alive to raillery, with the acute perception of a French woman; and she infused into it all the colouring of an Italian but, in every instance, it was mingled with goodness of heart; nothing was ever seen in her, either premeditated or hostile; for, in every thing, it is coldness that offends—

and imagination, on the contrary, is always accompanied with good-nature.

Oswald discovered a grace in Corinna, which was entirely new to him. One great and terrible circumstance of his life was connected with the remembrance of a very amiable and intelligent French woman; but Corinna resembled her in nothing—her conversation was a medley of every kind of intellectual endowment, enthusiasm for the fine arts, and knowledge of the world; refinement of ideas, and depth of sentiment; in short, all the charms of a vivacious and rapid mind were observable in her, without her thoughts ever being, on that account, incomplete, or her reflections superficial. Oswald was, all at once, surprised and charmed, uneasy and transported; he was unable to comprehend how one person alone could combine all the qualifications of Corinna. He asked himself, whether the union of all these qualities was the effect of

an inconsistent or a superior character ; whether it was by the force of universal feeling, or because she forgot every thing successively, that she passed thus, almost in the same instant, from melancholy to gaiety, from internal profundity to exterior grace—from conversation the most astonishing, by the knowledge and the ideas it displayed, to the coquetry of a woman who seeks to please, and desires to captivate ; but there was, even in that coquetry, such perfect nobleness, that it imposed as much respect as the most severe reserve.

The Prince Castel-Forte was very much taken up with Corinna ; and the sentiments of all his party were manifested towards her in attention and respect the most delicate and assiduous ; and the habitual worship, with which they surrounded her, made every day of her life a sort of festival. Corinna felt herself happy in being thus beloved ; but it was that sort of happiness

which we feel in living in a mild climate, hearing nothing but harmonious sounds, and receiving, in short, nothing but agreeable impressions. The serious and profound passion of love was not painted on her countenance, where every emotion of her soul was expressed by a most bright and intelligent physiognomy. Oswald beheld her in silence; his presence animated Corinna, and inspired her with the desire of pleasing. However, she sometimes checked herself in those moments, when her conversation was the most brilliant, astonished at the calm exterior of Oswald, not knowing whether she had succeeded in the impression she wished to make on him, nor whether his English ideas would permit him to applaud this display of talents in a woman.

Oswald was too much captivated by the charms of Corinna, than to call to mind his old opinions upon that obscurity which became women; but he was inquiring of him-

self, whether it were possible to be beloved by her ; whether any man could expect to concentrate in himself so many rays of light : In fact, he was at the same time dazzled and disturbed ; and notwithstanding, at his departure, she invited him, very politely, to come and see her again, he suffered a whole day to pass, without availing himself of the invitation, experiencing a sort of terror from the sentiment by which he felt himself impelled.

Sometimes he compared this sentiment with the fatal error of the first moments of his youth, but immediately banished such a comparison from his mind—for then, it was a perfidious art that had overcome him ; but who could doubt the truth of Corinna ? Was that peculiar charm she possessed, the effect of magic, or of poetical inspiration ? Was she an Armida, or a Sappho ? Was there any hope of captivating so lofty and brilliant a genius ? It was impossible to de-

cide ; but, at least, it was easily seen, that not society, but heaven itself, could have formed this extraordinary being, and that her mind could no more be imitated, than her character feigned. “ Oh, my father !” said Oswald, “ if you had known Corinna, what would you have thought of her ?”

CHAP. II.

THE Count d'Erfeuil came in the morning, according to custom, to see Lord Nelville, and, reproaching him for not having been to see Corinna the day before, said, "Had you come, you would have been very happy." "Why so?" replied Oswald. "Because yesterday I discovered, to a certainty, that you have greatly interested her." "Still this levity," interrupted Lord Nelville; "know that I neither can nor will endure it." "Do you call levity," said the Count, "the promptitude of my observation? Am I less

in the right, because more quickly so? You were made to live in the happy time of the Patriarchs, when the age of man was five centuries; but mind, I give you notice that four of them are lopped off in our days." "Be it so," answered Oswald, "and what discovery have you made by these rapid observations?"—"That Corinna loves you. Yesterday, when I arrived at her house, she received me very kindly, to be sure; but her eyes were fixed on the door, to see whether you followed me. She tried for a moment to talk of something else; but as she is a lady of a very ingenuous and natural disposition, she asked me, honestly, why you were not come with me? I blamed you very much; I said that you were a very odd, gloomy sort of creature; but you will excuse my relating all that I said over and above in your praise."

“ ‘ He is very sad,’ said Corinna; ‘ he must certainly have lost some one very dear to him. Whom is he in mourning for?’ ‘ His father, Madam,’ said I; ‘ though it is more than a year since he lost him; and as the law of nature obliges us all to survive our parents, I imagine there is some other secret cause, for so long and deep a melancholy.’ ‘ Oh!’ replied Corinna, ‘ I am very far from thinking that griefs, similar in appearance, are felt alike by all men. I am very much tempted to believe, that the father of your friend, and your friend himself, are exceptions from the general rule.’ Her voice was very tender, my dear Oswald, when she said these words.”

“ Are these,” replied Oswald, “ your proofs of that interest you spoke of?”

“ In truth,” replied the Count D’Erfeuil, “ these are quite enough, according to my way of thinking, to convince a man

that he is beloved by a lady ; but since you wish for better, you shall have them ; I have reserved the strongest for the last. The Prince Castel-Forte arrived, and related your adventure at Ancona, without knowing that he was speaking of you : he related it with much fire and imagination, as well as I could judge from the two lessons of Italian I have taken ; but there are so many French words in the foreign languages, that we comprehend them, almost all, without even knowing them. Besides, the countenance of Corinna would have explained to me what I did not understand. One might read in it so visibly the agitation of her heart ! She did not breathe, for fear of losing a single word ; and when she asked if he knew the name of this generous and intrepid Englishman, such was her anxiety, that it was easy to judge how much she dreaded to hear pronounced any other name than your's.

“ The Prince Castel-Forte said he did not know the gentleman’s name ; and Corinna, turning quickly towards me, cried, ‘ Is it not true, Sir, that it was Lord Nelville?’ ‘ Yes, Madam,’ answered I, ‘ it was he, himself ;’ and Corinna then melted in tears. She had not weeped during the history ; what was there then, more affecting in the name of the hero, than in the recital itself?” “ She wept!” cried Nelville, “ Ah!—why was I not there?” Then, checking himself all of a sudden, he cast down his eyes, and his manly countenance was expressive of the most delicate timidity : he hastened to resume the conversation, for fear that the Count might disturb his secret joy, by observing it. “ If the adventure of Ancona deserves to be related,” said Oswald, “ ’tis to you, also, my dear Count, that the honor of it belongs.” “ It is true,” answered

D'Erfeuil, laughing, "that they have mentioned an amiable Frenchman, who was along with you, my lord; but no one, save myself, paid attention to this parenthesis of the narration. The lovely Corinna prefers you; she believes you, without doubt, the most faithful of the two: perhaps she may be mistaken; you may even cause her more trouble than I should; but the women are fond of trouble, provided it is a little romantic; so you will suit her."

Lord Nelville suffered from every word of the Count; but what could he say to him? He never argued; he never listened attentively enough to change his opinion; his words, once thrown out, gave him no farther concern; and the best way was to forget them, if possible, as soon as he did himself.

CHAP. III.

OSWALD arrived in the evening at Corinna's, with a sentiment entirely new; he thought that he was expected. What enchantment there is in that first gleam of intercourse with the object of our love!—Before remembrance enters into partnership with hope!—Before that words have expressed our sentiments,—before eloquence has painted what we feel there is, in these first moments, something so indefinite, such a mystery of the imagination, more fleeting than

happiness, it must be owned, but also more celestial.

Oswald, on entering the apartment of Corinna, felt more timid than ever. He saw that she was alone, and that circumstance almost gave him pain: he could have wished to have seen her longer in the midst of society; he could have wished to be convinced, in some manner, of her preference, instead of finding himself all of a sudden engaged in a conversation which might make Corinna cool towards him, if, as it was certain, he should appear embarrassed, and cold in consequence of that embarrassment.

Whether Corinna perceived this disposition of Oswald, or whether it was that a similar disposition produced in her a desire to animate the conversation, in order to remove restraint, she asked his Lordship, whether he had seen any of the monuments of Rome. "No,"

answered Oswald. “What did you do with yourself yesterday, then?” replied Corinna, smiling. “I passed the whole day at home,” said Oswald. “Since I have been at Rome, Madam, my time has been divided between solitude and you.” Corinna wished to introduce the subject of his behaviour at Ancona; she began by these words: “Yesterday I have learnt——” then she stopped and said, “I will speak to you of that when the company comes.” There was a dignity in the manners of Lord Nelville that intimidated Corinna; and, besides, she feared, in reminding him of his noble conduct, that she should betray too much emotion; conceiving that emotion would be less when they should be no longer alone. Oswald was deeply touched with the reserve of Corinna, and the frankness with which she testified, without thinking, the motives of that reserve; but

the more he was affected, the less was he able to express what he felt.

He arose, all of a sudden, and advanced towards the window; then he felt that Corinna would be unable to explain the meaning of this movement, and, more disconcerted than ever, he returned to his place, without saying any thing. There was in the conversation of Corinna more confidence than in that of Oswald; nevertheless, she partook of the embarrassment which he exhibited; and, in her absence of mind, seeking to recover her countenance, she placed her fingers upon the harp, which was standing by her side, and struck some notes, without connection or design. These harmonious sounds, in increasing the emotion of Oswald, seemed to inspire him with more boldness. He could now look at Corinna, and who but, in beholding her, must have been struck

with that divine inspiration which was painted in her eyes! Encouraged at the same moment, by that mild expression, which veiled the majesty of her looks, he would then, perhaps, have spoken; but was prevented by the entrance of Prince Castel-Forte.

It was not without pain that he beheld Nelville, *tête-à-tête* with Corinna; but he was accustomed to dissimulate his feelings. This habit, which is often found in the Italians, united with great vehemence of sensation, was in him rather the result of indolence, than of natural gentleness. He was content not to be the first object of Corinna's affections; he was no longer young; he possessed a large portion of mind, considerable taste for the arts, an imagination sufficiently animated to diversify life without disturbing it, and such a want to pass all his evenings with Co-

rinna, that if she were to be married, he would conjure her husband to let him come every day, to see her as usual, and upon this condition, he would not have been very unhappy, at seeing her united to another. The grief of the heart is not found in Italy, complicated with the pains of suffering vanity; so that we find there, men, either passionate enough to stab their rival, through jealousy; or men modest enough to take, willingly, the second rank in the favour of a lady; whose conversation is agreeable to them: but rarely will be found any, who, for fear of being thought despised, would refuse to preserve any sort of connection, which they found pleasing.

The Count d'Erfeuil, and the company that met every evening at Corinna's house, being assembled, the conversation turned upon the talent for extempore poetry, which their heroine had

so gloriously displayed at the Capitol; and they went so far as to ask her own opinion of it. “It is something so rare,” said the Prince Castel-Forte, “to find any one, at once susceptible of enthusiasm, and analysis, gifted as an artist, and capable of observing herself, that we must intreat her, to reveal to us the secrets of her genius.” “The talent you are discussing,” replied Corinna, “is not more extraordinary in the languages of the south, than the eloquence of the pulpit, or the brilliant vivacity of conversation in other tongues. I will even say that, unfortunately, it is with us more easy to make verses, *impromptu*, than to speak well in prose. The language of poetry is so different from that of prose, that from the first verses the attention is commanded by the same expressions, which, if I may so speak it, place the poet at a distance from his auditors.

It is not only to the softness of the Italian, but much rather to the strong vibration of sonorous syllables, having full pronunciation, to which we must attribute the empire of poetry amongst us. There is a kind of musical charm in the Italian, by which the bare sound of words, almost independently of the ideas, produces pleasure; besides, these words have almost all something picturesque in them; they paint what they express. You know that it is in the midst of the arts, and under an auspicious sky, that this melodious, and highly-coloured language has been formed. It is, therefore, more easy in Italy, than any where else, to seduce with words, without profundity of thought, or novelty of imagery. Poetry, like all the fine arts, captivates the senses, as much as the intellect. I dare venture to say, however, that I have

never essayed this talent, without feeling myself animated by some real emotion, some idea which I believed new, therefore I hope, that I have trusted less than others to our bewitching language, which will serve, if I will so express it, as a preclude to chance, and convey a lively pleasure by the charm of rhythm, and of harmony alone."

"You believe then," interrupted one of the friends of Corinna, "that the talent of extempore poetry injures our literature; I thought so once myself; but hearing you, Madam, has made me entirely alter that opinion." "I have said," replied Corinna, "that there resulted from this facility, this literary abundance, a quantity of inferior poetry; but I am as pleased with this fecundity, which exists in Italy, as I am with seeing our fields covered with a thousand superfluous productions. This liberality

of nature makes me proud. I am particularly pleased with the extempore effusions of the inferior classes of the people, which discover to us their imagination, that is concealed every where else beside, and only developed amongst us. They give a poetical character to the lowest orders of society, and spare us the contempt which we cannot help feeling for every thing that is vulgar. When our Sicilians, conducting travellers in their vessels, so delicately, and politely felicitate them in their pleasing dialect, and wish them, in verse, a sweet and long adieu, one would say, the pure breeze of heaven, and of the sea, produces the same effect upon the imagination of men, as the wind on the Æolian harp; and that poetry, like the notes of that instrument, is the echo of nature. One thing makes me attach an additional value to this extempore talent, and that is, that it would be almost impossible in

a society disposed to satire. It requires the good nature of the south; or rather of those countries where people love to amuse themselves, without taking pleasure in criticising that which affords them amusement, to encourage poets to venture on so perilous an enterprise. One sarcastic smile would be sufficient to destroy that presence of mind necessary for a sudden, and uninterrupted composition: your audience must become animated with you, and inspire you with their applauses."

"But, Madam," said Oswald, at last, who, till then, had kept silence, without having, for a moment, ceased to behold Corinna, "to which of your poetical talents do you yourself give the preference? To the work of reflection, or of momentary inspiration?" "My Lord," answered Corinna, with a look that expressed the highest interest, and

the most delicate sentiment of respectful consideration, "it is you that I would wish to make the judge of that; but if you ask me to examine my own thoughts upon this subject, I would say, that extempore poetry is to me as an animated conversation. I do not confine myself to any particular subject; I yield entirely to the impression produced on me by the attention of my hearers, and it is to my friends, in this instance, that I owe the greatest part of my talent. Sometimes the impassioned interest with which I am inspired by a conversation, in which is agitated some great and noble question, that relates to the moral existence of man, his destiny, his end, his duties, and his affections; sometimes this interest elevates me above my strength, makes me discover, in nature, in my own heart, bold truths, expressions full of pith, that solitary reflection would not have given

birth to. I then believe myself acted upon by a supernatural enthusiasm, and feel that what is speaking within me is greater than myself. Sometimes I quit the rhythm of poetry, to express my thoughts in prose; sometimes I quote the finest verses of the different languages I am acquainted with. These divine verses, with which my soul is penetrated, have become my own. Sometimes, also, I finish upon my lyre by simple and national airs, the sentiments and thoughts which have escaped me in speaking. In a word, I feel myself a poet, not only when a happy choice of rhymes and harmonious syllables, or a happy combination of images dazzle my auditors, but when my soul is elevated to the highest degree, and looks down with contempt upon every thing that is selfish and base: in short, when a noble action appears most easy to me, it is

then that my poetry is in its greatest perfection. I am a poet, when I admire, when I despise, when I hate, not from personal feeling, not on my own account, but for the dignity of human nature, and the glory of the world."

Corinna then perceiving how the conversion had carried her away, blushed a little, and turning towards Lord Nelville, said to him, "you see, my lord, I cannot touch upon any of those subjects that affect me, without experiencing that sort of shock which is the source of ideal beauty in the arts, of religion in solitary minds, of generosity in heroes, and of disinterestedness among men. Pardon me, my lord, since such a woman as I does not resemble those whom your nation approves." "Who could resemble you?" replied Lord Nelville; "can we make laws for one who is without her like?"

The Count D'Erfeuil was absolutely enchanted, notwithstanding he had not heard all that Corinna had said; but her gestures, the sound of her voice, and her pronounciation, charmed him.—It was the first time that any grace, which was not French, had produced an effect upon him. But, indeed, the great celebrity of Corinna at Rome, put him a little in the way of what he should think of her, and in his admiration of this extraordinary lady, he did not drop the good custom of letting himself be guided by the opinion of others.

He quitted Corinna's house along with Lord Nelville, and said to him on their way home, “allow, my dear Oswald, that I may lay claim to some merit for not having paid my court to so charming a lady.” “But,” observed Nelville, “it seems, according to general opinion, that she is not easy to please in that respect.” “It is

said so," replied the Count, "but I can hardly believe it. A single, independent female, who leads nearly the life of an artist, ought not to be so difficult to captivate." Lord Nelville was wounded by this reflection. The Count, whether he did not perceive it, or whether he wished to pursue the train of his own ideas, continued thus :

"I do not mean to say, however, that if I entertained much faith in a lady's virtue, that I might not as readily believe in that of Corinna as in that of any other. She has certainly a thousand times more expression in her look, and vivacity in her arguments, than would be necessary in your country, or even in our's, to excite suspicion of the rigidity of a lady's virtue; but she is a person of so superior a mind, such profound knowledge, and such fine feelings, that the ordinary rules by which we judge of woman cannot apply

to her. In fact, would you believe it, notwithstanding the openness of her disposition, and the freedom of her conversation, she really imposes reserve upon me. It was my wish, yesterday, with all due respect to her predilection for you, to say a few words, at random, upon my own account : they were words that take their chance ; if they are heard, well and good ; if not, well and good still ; and do you know Corinna gave me such cold looks that I was quite disconcerted. It is, however, singular, that one should feel any timidity in the company of an Italian, a poet, an artist, every thing, in short, that ought to produce quite a contrary effect.” “ Her name is unknown,” observed Nelville ; “ but her manners ought to induce a belief that her birth is illustrious.” “ Ah ! it is in romances,” said the Count, “ that we see the finest part of a character con-

cealed ; but, in real life, people are more disposed to exhibit the most honourable part of their life, with additions, than to throw a veil over any circumstance of it.” “ Yes,” interrupted Oswald, “ in some societies where people think of nothing but the external effect they can produce upon one another ; but in her, whose existence is internal, there may be mysteries in circumstances, as there are secrets in thought, and he only who would espouse Corinna might be able to know them.—“ Espouse Corinna!” interrupted the Count, bursting out laughing, “ truly that idea never occurred to me ! Take my advice, my dear Neville, if you wish to do foolish things, let them be such as will admit of reparation ; but as for marriage, you must always consult convenience. I appear frivolous in your eyes, nevertheless I lay a wager, that in the conduct of life, I

shall be more reasonable than you." "I believe so too," answered Lord Nelville, and said not another word.

In effect, could he have told the Count d'Erfeuil that there is often a great deal of egotism in frivolity, and that such egotism can never betray people into those errors of sentiment, in which we always sacrifice our own personal considerations to those of others ! Frivolous characters are very likely to acquire address in the pursuit of their own interests ; for, in all that is called the *science diplomatique* of private, as well as public life, people succeed oftener by those qualities which they have not, than by those which they possess. Absence of enthusiasm, absence of opinion, absence of sensibility, a little understanding, combined with this negative treasure, and social life, properly speaking, that is to say, fortune and rank, may be acquired or supported well

enough. The pleasantries of the Count, however, pained Lord Nelville; he blamed them, but, nevertheless, they continually occupied his thoughts.

BOOK IV.

ROME.

CHAPTER I.

A FORTNIGHT passed away, during which Lord Nelville dedicated himself entirely to the company of Corinna. He quitted his lodgings but to go and visit her—he saw nothing—he sought nothing but her; and, without ever mentioning his passion, he made her sensible of it at every moment of the day. She was accustomed to the lively and flattering homage of the Italians; but Oswald's dignity of manners, his apparent coldness, and his sensibility which he be-

trayed, in spite of himself, produced a more powerful effect upon her imagination.—Never did he relate a generous action, never did he speak of a misfortune, without his eyes being filled with tears ; but he always endeavoured to conceal his emotion. He inspired Corinna with a sentiment of respect, such as she had not felt for a long time before. No wit, however sparkling, could dazzle her ; but she was deeply interested by elevation and dignity of character. Lord Nelville joined to these qualities, a nobleness in his expressions, an elegance in the least actions of his life, which formed a striking contrast to the negligence and familiarity of the greater part of the Roman lords.

Though the taste of Oswald was, in some respects, different from that of Corinna, they mutually understood each other in a most wonderful manner. Nelville conjectured the impressions of Corinna with per-

fect sagacity, and Corinna discovered, in the slightest alteration of Nelville's countenance, what passed in his mind. Accustomed to the stormy demonstrations of passion, that characterise the Italians; this timid, but proud attachment; this passion, incessantly proved, but never avowed; spread a new charm over her existence: she felt as if encircled with a more mild and pure atmosphere; and every instant of the day inspired her with a sentiment of happiness, which she loved to enjoy, without accounting for it.

One morning, the Prince Castel-Forte visited her—he appeared sorrowful—she asked him the cause of his sorrow. “This Scotch nobleman,” said he to her, “is about to deprive us of your affections; and who knows, even, whether he will not rob us of you entirely?” Corinna was silent for some moments, and then answered, “I assure you the nobleman, to

whom you allude, has not even once informed me of that partiality which you seem to dread." "You are, notwithstanding, convinced of it," answered Prince Castel-Forte; "his conduct is sufficiently eloquent, and even his silence is a powerful means of interesting you.—What can language express, that you have not heard? What kind of praise is there, that has not been offered you? What species of homage is there, that you are not accustomed to receive? But there is something concealed in the character of Lord Nelville, which will never allow you to know him entirely, as you know us. There is no person in the world, whose character it is more easy to become acquainted with; but it is precisely because you shew yourself without disguise, that mystery and reserve have a pleasing ascendancy over you. That which is unknown, be it what it may, influences

you more strongly than all our united sentiments, which you are acquainted with." Corinna smiled; "You believe then, my dear Prince," said she, "that my heart is ungrateful, and my imagination capricious. Methinks, however, that Lord Nelville possesses, and discovers, qualities sufficiently remarkable to render it impossible that I can flatter myself with having discovered them." "He is, I agree," answered Prince Castelforte, "Proud, generous, and intelligent: with much sensibility too, and particularly melancholy; but I am very much deceived, or there is not the least sympathy of taste between you. You do not perceive it, while he is under the charm of your presence; but your empire over him, would not hold if he were absent from you. Obstacles would fatigue him; his soul has contracted, by the grief which he has experienced, a

kind of disheartening, which must destroy the energy of his resolutions ; and you know, besides, how much the English, in general, are subjected to the manners and habits of their country

At these words Corinna was silent, and sighed. Painful reflections, on the first events of her life, were retraced in her mind ; but in the evening she saw Oswald again, more her slave than ever ; and all that remained in her mind of the conversation of Prince Castel Forte was the desire of fixing Lord Nelville in Italy, by making him enamoured of the beauties of every kind, with which this country abounds. It was with this intention that she wrote to him the following letter. The freedom of the life which is led in Rome, excused this proceeding ; and Corinna in particular, though she might be reproached with too much openness and enthusiasm, knew how to pre-

serve dignity with independence, and modesty with vivacity.

Corinna to Lord Netville.

Dec. 15th, 1794.

“ I do not know, my lord, whether you will think me too confident in myself, or whether you will do justice to the motives of that confidence. Yesterday I heard you say, that you had not yet seen Rome, that you were neither acquainted with the chef d'œuvres of our fine arts, nor those ancient ruins which teach us history by imagination and sentiment, and I have conceived the idea of presuming to offer myself as your guide in this journey, through a course of centuries.

“ Without doubt, Rome could easily present a great number of scholars, whose profound erudition might be very useful to you; but if I can succeed in inspiring you with a love for this retreat,

towards which I have always felt myself so imperiously attracted, your own studies will finish the rude draft which I shall have begun.

“ Many foreigners come to Rome, as they would go to London or to Paris, to seek the dissipation of a great city ; and if they dared confess they were *ennuyé* at Rome, I believe the greater part would confess it ; but it is equally true, that here may be found a charm that never tires. Will you pardon me, my lord, a wish that this charm were known to you.

“ It is true, that here you must forget all the political interests in the world ; but when these interests are not united to sacred sentiments and duties, they chill the heart. Here too, you must renounce what would be called the pleasures of society ; but these pleasures almost invariably wither up the imagination. In Rome you may enjoy an existence at once solitary and animated,

which generously unfolds all that Heaven has implanted in us. I repeat it, my lord; pardon this love of my country, which begets a desire to make it beloved by such a man as you; and do not judge, with the severity of an Englishman, those testimonies of good will, which an Italian hopes she may give you, without sinking either in her own estimation, or in your's.

“ CORINNA.”

In vain would Oswald have endeavoured to conceal the exquisite pleasure he received from this letter; it opened an imperfect vista to enjoyment and happiness: imagination, love, enthusiasm, all that is divine in the soul of man, appeared to him united with the project of seeing Rome with Corinna. For this time, he did not reflect; this time, he set out the very instant to visit Corinna,

and by the way he contemplated the sky ; he enjoyed the charm of the weather : life sat lightly on him. His griefs, and his fears, were lost in the clouds of hope ; his heart, so long oppressed by sadness, palpitated and leaped with joy ; he feared, it is true, that so happy a disposition of mind might not last ; but the very idea that it was fleeting gave to this fever of enjoyment more force and activity.

“ What are you come already ? ” said Corinna, seeing Lord Nelville enter ; “ Good Heavens ! ” and she stretched him her hand. Oswald siezed it, and imprinted his lips on it with the warmest tenderness : nor did he suffer now, that timidity which often mingled itself with his most agreeable impressions, and caused him sometimes to endure, in the company of those he loved best, the most bitter and painful feelings. The intimacy had commenced between Oswald and Corinna since they had parted ; it was the letter

of Corinna which had established it: they were satisfied with each other, and mutually felt the most tender acknowledgement.

“ This morning then,” said Corinna, “ I will shew you the Pantheon and St. Peter’s : I had, indeed, some hope,” added she smiling, “ that you would accept my offer to make the tour of Rome with you ; so my horses are ready. I have expected you ; you are arrived ; ’tis very well, let us set out.” “ Astonishing woman !” said Oswald ; “ Who then, art thou ? Whence hast thou derived so many opposite charms, which it would seem ought to exclude each other ;—sensibility, gaiety, profound reflection, exterior grace, freedom, and modesty ? Art thou an illusion ? art thou some supernatural blessing, destined to make happy the life of him who is fortunate enough to meetwith thee ?” “ Ah !” re-

replied Corinna, "if I have it in my power to do you any service, you must not think I will ever give up the merit of it." "Take care," said Oswald, in seizing Corinna's hand, with emotion; "take care what service it is you are about to render me. For these two years the iron hand of affliction has closed up my heart; if your sweet presence has afforded me relief; if, while with you, I breathe again, what will become of me, when once more abandoned to my destiny?—What will become of me?" "Let us leave to time and to chance," interrupted Corinna, "to decide whether this impression of a day, which I have produced upon you, will be longer than a day in its duration. If there be a mutual sympathy between our souls, our mutual affection will not be transient. Be that as it may, let us go and admire, together, all that can elevate our

mind and our sentiments; we shall thus taste some moments of happiness."

In finishing these words, Corinna went down stairs, and Nelville followed her, astonished at her answer. It seemed to him that she admitted the possibility of a half sentiment,—a momentary attraction. In short, he thought he perceived something like levity in the manner in which she had expressed herself, and he was hurt at it.

He placed himself, without saying a word, in the carriage of Corinna; who, guessing his thoughts, said to him, "I do not believe that the heart of man is so formed, that he must always feel either no love at all, or the most invincible passion. There are beginnings of sentiment which a more profound examination may dissipate. We flatter and then undeceive ourselves, and even the enthusiasm of which we are susceptible,

if it renders the enchantment more rapid, may also cause coldness to succeed the more quickly." "You have, then, reflected deeply on the tender passion," said Oswald, with bitterness. Corinna blushed at this word, and was silent for some moments; then resuming the conversation, with a striking mixture of frankness and dignity, "I do not believe," said she, "that a woman of sensibility has ever arrived at the age of twenty-six years, without having known the illusion of love; but if never having been happy, if never having met the object who could merit all the affections of my heart, be any claim to interest in the bosom of man, I have a claim to your's." These words, and the accent with which Corinna pronounced them, dissipated, a little, the cloud which had spread over the soul of Lord Nelville; nevertheless, he said to himself: "She

is the most fascinating of women, but an Italian; and her's is not that timid, innocent heart, to herself unknown, which the young English female that my father destined for me must possess.

This young English female was called Lucilia Edgermond, and was daughter to the best friend of Lord Nelville's father; but was too young, when Oswald quitted England, for him to marry her, or even foresee, with certainty, whether she would ever become the object of his choice.

CHAP. II.

OSWALD and Corinna went first to the Pantheon, which is now called *St. Mary of the Rotunda*. In every part of Italy, Catholicism has inherited something of Paganism; but the Pantheon is the only ancient Temple of Rome which is preserved entire; the only one where may be remarked, in its *ensemble*, the beauty of ancient architecture, and particular character of their worship. Oswald and Corinna stopped in the square of the Pantheon, to admire the portico of this Temple, and the pillars that support it.

Corinna made Nelville observe, that the Pantheon was constructed in such a manner as to appear greater than it was. “The church of St. Peter,” said she, “will produce quite a different effect upon you; you will believe it at first less stupendous than it is in reality. This illusion, so favorable to the Pantheon, comes, as I am assured, from there being more space between the pillars, and the air playing liberally around it; but principally from your not perceiving any of those trifling ornaments with which St. Peter’s is overladen. It is thus that the ancient poets only designed large masses, and left the imagination of the hearer to fill up the intervals, and supply the developements; but we moderns, in every species of poetry, say too much.”

“This Temple,” continued Corinna, “was consecrated by Agrippa, the favorite of Augustus, to his friend, or

rather to his master. However, the master had the modesty to refuse the dedication of the Temple, and Agrippa was obliged to dedicate it to all the gods in Olympus, to supply the power of the terrestrial one. There was a car of bronze on the top of the Pantheon, on which were placed the statues of Augustus and of Agrippa. On each side of the portico, these same statues were placed in another form ; and on the frontispiece of the Temple is still to be read : “ *Consecrated by Agrippa.*” Augustus gave his name to the age in which he lived, because he made that age an epoch of the human mind. The chef d’œuvres, of every kind produced by his contemporaries, form the rays of glory that encircle his head. He knew how to honor the men of genius who cultivated letters, and he has found his recompence in posterity.

“Let us enter the temple,” said Corinna. “You see it remains uncovered, almost the same as it was formerly. They say that this light, proceeding from the top, was the emblem of that God who was superior to all the other deities. The Pagans have always been fond of symbolic images. It seems, in effect, that this language agrees better with religion than with speech. The rain often falls upon this marble court; but the rays of the sun also enter, to enlighten devotion. What serenity! What an air of festivity is remarkable in this edifice! The Pagans have deified life, and the Christians have deified death: Such is the spirit of the two worships; but the Roman Catholic religion here, however, is less sombre than in the northern countries. You will observe it when we visit St. Peter’s. Inside of the sanctuary of the Pantheon, are the busts of our most celebrated

artists; they adorn the niches, where were placed the gods of the ancients.—As, since the destruction of the empire of the Cæsars, we have hardly ever had political independence in Italy, you do not find here either statesmen or great commanders. It is the genius of imagination which constitutes our only glory; but do you not think, my lord, that a people, who honour talents in this manner, ought to merit a nobler fate?” “I am very severe towards nations,” answered Oswald; “I always believe that they deserve their fate, let it be what it may.” “That is hard,” replied Corinna; “perhaps, after a longer residence in Italy, you will experience a sentiment of compassion towards this unhappy country, which nature seems to have decorated as a victim; but, at least, you will remember, that the dearest hope of us, aspirers to renown in the arts, is to obtain a place

here. I have already fixed upon mine," said she, pointing to a niche, still vacant. "Oswald! who knows whether you will not come again to this same enclosure, when my bust shall be placed there? Then ——"

Oswald interrupted her quickly, and said, "In the shining splendour of youth and beauty, can you talk thus to one whom misfortune and suffering have already bent towards the grave?" "Ah!" replied Corinna; "the storm may, in a moment, snap asunder those flowers that now have their heads upreared in life and bloom. Oswald, dear Oswald!" added she; "why would you not be happy? Why ——" "Never interrogate me," replied Lord Nelville; "you have your secrets—I have mine; let us mutually respect each other's silence. No—you know not what emotion I should feel, were I obliged to relate my misfortunes."

Corinna was silent; and her steps, in leaving the temple, were slower, and her looks more thoughtful.

She stopped beneath the portico :—
“There,” said she to Lord Nelville, “was a most beautiful urn of porphyry, now transferred to St. John of Lateran; it contained the ashes of Agrippa, which were placed at the foot of the statue that he had raised to himself. The ancients took so much care to soften the idea of dissolution, that they knew how to strip it of every thing that was doleful and repulsive. There was, besides, so much magnificence in their tombs, that the contrast was less felt between the blank of death and the splendours of life. It is true that the hope of another world, being less lively among them than amongst us, the Pagans endeavoured to dispute with death the future remembrance which

we place, without fear, in the bosom of the Eternal."

Oswald sighed, and was silent. Melancholy ideas have many charms, when we have not been ourselves deeply wretched; but when grief, in all its asperity, has seized upon the soul, we no longer hear, without shuddering, certain words which formerly only excited in us reveries more or less pleasing.

CHAP. III.

You pass, in going to St. Peter's, the bridge of St. Angelo, and Corinna and Lord Nelville crossed it on foot. "It was on this bridge," said Oswald, "that, in returning from the Capitol, I, for the first time, thought deeply of you." "I did not flatter myself," replied Corinna, "that the coronation at the Capitol would have procured me a friend; but, however, in the pursuit of fame, it was always my endeavour to make myself beloved.—What would fame be to woman without

such a hope?" "Let us stop here a few minutes," said Oswald. "What remembrance of past ages can produce such welcome recollections as this spot, which brings to mind the day when first I saw you." "I know not whether I deceive myself," replied Corinna; "but it seems to me that we become more dear to one another, in admiring together those monuments which speak to the soul by true grandeur. The edifices of Rome are neither cold nor dumb; they have been conceived by genius, and consecrated by memorable events. Perhaps, Oswald, it is even necessary that we should be enamoured of such a character as your's, in order to derive such pleasure from feeling, with you, all that is noble and fine in the universe." "Yes," replied Lord Neville; "but in beholding you, and listening to your observations, we feel no want

of other wonders." Corinna thanked him in a bewitching smile.

On their way to St. Peter's, they stopped before the castle of St. Angelo. "There," said Corinna, "is one of those edifices whose exterior is most original; this is the tomb of Adrian, which, changed into a fortress by the Goths, bears the double character of its first and second destination. Built for the dead, an impenetrable enclosure surrounds it; and, nevertheless, the living have added something hostile to it, by the exterior fortifications, which form a contrast with the silence, and noble inutility, of a funeral monument. On the top is seen an angel of bronze, with a naked sword; (5) and in the interior the most cruel imprisonment is inflicted. Every event of the Roman history, from Adrian to our time, is connected with this monument. It was here that Belisarius defended himself

against the Goths, and, almost as barbarous as they who attacked him, threw at his enemy the beautiful statues that adorned the interior of the edifice. Crescentius, Arnault de Brescia, Nicolas Rienzi, (6) those friends of Roman liberty, who have so often taken recollections for hopes, defended themselves for a long time in this imperial tomb. I love this monument, which is united to so many illustrious facts. I love this luxury of the master of the world—a magnificent tomb. There is something great in the man, who, possessing every enjoyment, every terrestrial pomp, is not dismayed from making preparations for his death, a long time before hand. Moral ideas, and disinterested sentiments, fill the soul, when it in a manner breaks through the boundaries of mortality.

“It is from here that we ought to perceive St. Peter’s. The pillars before

it ought to extend as far as here:—such was the superb plan of Michael Angelo; he expected, at least, that it would be so finished after his death; but the men of our days no longer think of posterity. When once we have turned enthùsiasm into ridicule, we have defeated every thing except money and power.” “It is you who will revive that sentiment,” cried Lord Nelville. “Who ever experienced the happiness I enjoy? Rome shewn by you, Rome explained by imagination and genius, *Rome, that is a world animated by sentiment, without which the world itself is a desert.* (7) Ah, Corinna! what will succeed, o these days, more happy than my heart and my fate permit!” Corinna answered him with sweetness: “All the sincere affections proceed from heaven, Oswald! Why should it not protect what it inspires? It is to that Power belongs the disposal of us.”

At that moment, St. Peter's appeared to them, the loftiest building that man has ever raised; for the pyramids of Egypt, themselves, are inferior to it in height. "Perhaps," said Corinna, "I ought to have shewn you the finest of our buildings last; but that is not my system. It is my opinion, that to beget a sensibility for the fine arts, we must begin by beholding objects that inspire a deep and lively admiration. This sentiment once felt, reveals, if I may so express myself, a new sphere of ideas, and renders us afterwards more capable of loving, and of judging, what even, in an inferior order, retraces the first impression we have received. - All those gradations, those prudent methods, one tint after another, to prepare for great effects, are not to my taste; we cannot arrive at the sublime by degrees; infinite distances separate it even from that

which is only beautiful." Oswald felt an emotion altogether extraordinary, in arriving opposite St. Peter's. It was the first time that the work of man had produced upon him the same effect as one of the wonders of nature. This is the only work of art, now on our earth, possessing that kind of grandeur which characterises the immediate works of the creation. Corinna enjoyed the astonishment of Oswald. "I have chosen," said she, "a day when the sun is in all its lustre, to shew you this edifice. I have in reserve for you a still more exquisite, more religious pleasure, when you shall contemplate it by moonlight: but you must first witness the most brilliant intellectual feast—the genius of man adorned with the magnificence of nature."

The square of St Peter is surrounded by pillars—those at a distance of a light,

and those near of a massive structure. The ground, which is upon a gentle ascent up to the portico of the church, still adds to the effect which it produces. An obelisk, 80 feet high, stands in the middle of the square, but its height appears as nothing in presence of the cupola of St. Peter's. The form of the obelisk alone has something in it that pleases the imagination; its summit is lost in the air, and seems to lift the mind of man to heaven. This monument, which was constructed in Egypt, to adorn the baths of Caligula, and which Sixtus Quintus has caused to be transported to the foot of the temple of St. Peter; this cotemporary of so many centuries, which have spent their fury upon it in vain, inspires us with a sentiment of respect; man, sensible of his own fleeting existence, cannot contemplate, without emotion, that which

appears to be immutable. At some distance, on each side of the obelisk, are two fountains, whose waters form a perpetual, and abundant cascade. This murmuring of waters, which we are accustomed to hear in the midst of the country, produces, in this enclosure, a sensation entirely new; but this sensation is quite in harmony with that which the aspect of a majestic temple gives birth to.

Painting and sculpture imitating, generally, the human figure, or some object existing in nature, awaken in our soul ideas perfectly clear and positive; but a fine monument of architecture, has not any determinate meaning, if it may be so expressed, so that we are seized, in contemplating it, with that kind of reverie, without measure, and without aim, which leads us into a boundless ocean of thought. The noise of the fountains,

agree with all these vague, and deep impressions: it is uniform as the edifice is regular.

“Eternal motion, and eternal repose,”

Are thus blended with each other. It is particularly in a spot like this, that Time seems stript of his power, for he appears no more able to dry up the fountains, than to shake the immoveable stone. The waters, which spout in sheaves from these fountains, form such light clouds, that, on a fine day, the rays of the sun produce on them little rainbows, formed of the most beautiful colours.

“Stop here a moment,” said Corinna, to Lord Nelville, when they had already reached the portico of the church; stop a little, before you lift up the veil which covers the door of the temple. Does not your heart beat as you approach this sanctuary? And do not you feel, at the

moment of entrance, all that excites expectation of a solemn event?" Corinna herself lifted up the curtain, and held it to let Nelville pass: she displayed so much grace in this attitude, that the first look of Oswald was to admire her as she stood, and, for some moments, she engrossed his whole observation. In the mean time, he proceeded into the temple, and the impression which he received beneath these immense vaults, was so deep, and so religious, that love itself was no longer able to fill his soul entirely. He walked slowly by the side of Corinna, both preserving silence. Indeed, here every thing seemed to command silence; the least noise re-echoes to such a distance, that no language seems worthy of being repeated in an abode which may almost be called eternal! Prayer alone, the voice of calamity, produces a powerful emotion in these vast

regions; and when, beneath these immense domes, you hear some old man dragging his feeble steps along the polished marble, watered with so many tears, we feel that man is interesting, even by the infirmity of his nature, which submits his divine soul to so many sufferings, and that the worship of affliction, christianity, contains the true guide for the conduct of man upon earth.

Corinna interrupted the reverie of Oswald, and said to him, “ You have seen Gothic churches in England and in Germany; you must have remarked that they have a more gloomy effect, by a great deal, than this church. There was something of mystery in the catholicism of the northern nations; our’s speaks to the imagination by exterior objects. Michael Angelo said, in beholding the cupola of the Pantheon, ‘ I will place it in the air;’ and, in effect, St. Peter’s is a temple

built upon a church. There is some connection between the ancient religions and christianity, in the effect which the interior of this edifice produces upon the imagination. I often come, and walk here, to restore to my soul that serenity which it sometimes loves : the sight of such a monument is like music, continual and stationary, which waits to afford you pleasure at your approach ; and, certainly, we must reckon, among the claims of our nation to glory, the patience, the courage, and the disinterestedness, of the heads of the church, who have dedicated one hundred and fifty years, so much money, and so much labour, to the completion of an edifice, which they who built it could not expect to enjoy. (8) It is even a service rendered to the public morals, to present a nation with a monument which is the emblem of so many noble and generous ideas." "Yes," answered Oswald ;

“ here the arts possess grandeur, and imagination and invention are full of genius ; but how is the dignity of man himself excluded here ! What establishments ! What feebleness in the greater part of the governments of Italy ! And, nevertheless, what subjugation in the mind !” “ Other nations,” interrupted Corinna, “ have borne the yoke the same as we, and have, at least, possessed that imagination which made them dream of another fate.

“ *Servi siam sì, ma servi ognor frementi.*”

“ *We are slaves, but ever shuddering at our fate,*”

Said Alfieri, the most bold of our modern writers. There is so much soul in our fine arts, that, perhaps, one day, our character will be equal to our genius.

“ Behold,” continued Corinna, “ those statues, placed on the tombs, those pictures in mosaic—patient and faithful copies of the chefs-d'œuvres of our great masters. I

never examine St. Peter's in detail, because I do not wish to discover those multiplied beauties which derange, in some degree, the impression of the whole. But what is a monument, where the chefs-d'œuvres of the human mind appear superfluous ornaments ? This temple is like a world by itself ; it affords an asylum against heat and cold ; it has its own peculiar season—a perpetual spring, which the external atmosphere can never change. A subterraneous church is built beneath the court of this temple ;—the popes, and several foreign potentates, are buried there : Christina, after her abdication—the Stuarts, since the overthrow of their dynasty. Rome has long afforded an asylum to exiles from every part of the world. Is not Rome herself dethroned ? Her aspect affords consolation to kings, fallen like herself.

“ Cadono le citta, cadono i regni,

“ E l' uom, d'esser mortal, par che si sdegni.”

“ *Cities fall, Empires disappear, and man is indignant
at being mortal !*”

“ Place yourself here,” said Corinna to Lord Nelville, “ near the altar in the middle of the cupola ; you will perceive, through the iron grating, the church of the dead, which is beneath our feet, and, in lifting up your eyes, their ken will hardly reach the summit of the vault. This dome, viewing it even from below, inspires us with a sentiment of terror ; we imagine that we see abysses suspended over our head. All that is beyond a certain proportion causes man, limited creature as he is, an invincible dread. That which we know, is as inexplicable as that which is unknown to us ; but then we are accustomed to our habitual darkness, whilst new mysteries terrify us, and disturb our faculties.

“ All this church is ornamented with

antique marble, and the stone seems more acquainted with the ages that have glided past than we. There is the statue of Jupiter, which has been converted into St. Peter, by adding the glory to the head. The general expression of this temple perfectly characterises the mixture of gloomy tenets with brilliant ceremonies; sadness of idea at bottom, but the softness and vivacity of the south in the external application; severe intentions, but mild interpretations; the christian theology, and the images of paganism: In a word, the most admirable union of splendour and majesty that man can infuse into his worship of a deity.

“ The tombs, decorated by the wonders of the fine arts, do not present death under a formidable aspect. It is not altogether like the ancients, who engraved dances and games upon their sarcophagusses; but the mind is abstracted from the contemplation of a coffin, by the chefs-d'œuvres of genius.

They recall immortality, even upon the altar of death ; and the imagination, animated by the admiration which they inspire, does not feel, as in the north, silence and cold, motionless guardians of the sepulchres.” “ Without doubt,” said Oswald, “ we wish death to be surrounded by affliction ; and even before we were enlightened by christianity, our ancient mythology, our Ossian, made lamentations and dirges concomitants of the tomb. Here you feel at once oblivion and gratification. I know not whether I should be desirous of such a benefit from your fine sky.” “ Do not believe, however,” replied Corinna, “ that our character is light, or our mind frivolous ; it is only vanity that renders us frivolous. Indolence may introduce some intervals of sleep, or of forgetfulness, into our lives, but it neither wears out nor dries up the heart ; and, unfortunately for us, we may be aroused from this state, by passions more deep, and

more terrible, than those of souls habitually active."

In finishing these words, Corinna and Lord Nelville approached the gate of the church. "Another glance towards this immense sanctuary," said she to Nelville: "See how little man appears in presence of religion, even when we are reduced to consider only its material emblem! See what indissolubility, what eternity, mortals can give to their works, whilst they themselves pass away so rapidly, and only survive themselves in their genius! This temple is an image of the infinite Being; and there is no limit to the sentiments which it gives birth to—to the ideas which it retraces—to the immense quantity of years which it recalls to our reflection, either of past or future ages; and, on quitting its enclosure, we seem to pass from celestial thoughts to worldly interests, from the eternity of religion to the atmosphere of time."

When they were outside of the church, Corinna pointed out to Nelville, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which were represented on the gates in basso-relievo. "We are not scandalized at Rome," said she to him, "with the images of paganism, when they have been consecrated by the fine arts. The wonders of genius always make a religious impression on the soul, and we make an offering to the christian religion, of all the chefs-d'œuvres which other modes of worship have inspired." Oswald smiled at this explanation. "Believe me, my lord," continued Corinna, "there is much sincerity in the sentiments of nations who possess a very lively imagination. But, to-morrow, if you choose, I will conduct you to the Capitol. I have, I hope, many other walks to propose to you. When they are finished, will you go? Will you ——" She stopped, fearing she had

said too much. "No, Corinna," replied Oswald; "no, I will never renounce that gleam of happiness which a tutelary angel, perhaps, causes to shine upon me from the height of heaven."

CHAP. IV.

THE next day, Oswald and Corinna set out with more confidence and serenity. They were friends, travelling together ;—they began to say *we*. Ah ! how pathetic is that *we*, when pronounced by love ! How timid, yet how lively expressed, is the declaration which it contains ! “ We will go to the Capitol, then,” said Corinna. “ Yes, we will go there,” replied Oswald. Simplicity was in his words—softness and tenderness in his accent. “ From the height of the Capitol, such as it is now,” said

Corinna, "we can easily perceive the seven hills; we will survey them all, one after another; there is not one of them which does not preserve in it some traces of history."

Corinna and Lord Nelville took what was formerly called the sacred or triumphal road. "'Tis this way that your car passed," said Oswald to Corinna. "Yes," answered she; "this ancient dust might be astonished at bearing such a car; but, since the Roman republic, so many criminal traces have been imprinted on it, that the sentiment of respect which it inspires, is much weakened." They then arrived at the foot of the staircase of the present Capitol. The entrance to the ancient Capitol was through the Forum. "I could wish," said Corinna, "that this stair-case were the same that Scipio mounted, when, repelling calumny by glory, he entered the temple, to return thanks to the gods for the victories which

he had gained. But this new stair-case, this new Capitol, has been built upon the ruins of the old, in order to receive the peaceable magistrate who bears in himself alone the immense title of Roman Senator, formerly an object of respect to the whole universe. Here we have no longer any thing but names; yet their harmony, their ancient dignity, inspire us with a pleasing sensation, mingled with regret. I asked a poor woman, whom I met the other day, where she lived? ‘*At the Tarpéian Rock,*’ answered she. This word, however stripped of the ideas which formerly attached to it, still vibrates upon the imagination.”

Oswald and Corinna stopped to contemplate the two lions of black marble, at the foot of the stair-case. (9) They came from Egypt. The Egyptian sculptors were more happy in seizing the figure of animals than that of man. These lions of the Capitol

are nobly peaceable, and their physiognomy is the true image of tranquillity in strength.

“A guisa di leon, quando si posa.”

DANTE.

“In the manner of the lion, when he reposes.”

Not far from these lions is a statue of Rome, mutilated, which the modern Romans have placed there, without thinking that they were thus giving the most perfect emblem of their city, as it now is. This statue has neither head nor feet ; but the body and the drapery, which still remain, are antique beauties. At the top of the stairs, are two colossal figures, which represent, as it is believed, Castor and Pollux ; then the trophies of Marius ; then two pillars, which served for the admeasurement of the Roman universe ; and the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, noble and calm in the midst of these several recollections. Thus, the whole Roman history is here emblematically represented: The heroic

age, by the Dioscurii ; the republic, by the lions ; the civil wars, by Marius ; and the golden age of the emperors, by Marcus Aurelius.

In advancing towards the modern Capitol, we see, to the right and to the left, two churches, built on the ruins of the temples of the Feretrian and Capitoline Jupiter. Before the vestibule is a fountain, over which preside two rivers, the Nile and the Tiber, with the wolf of Romulus. The name of the Tiber is not pronounced like that of inglorious rivers ; it is one of the pleasures of the Romans, to say, “ *Conduct me to the borders of the Tiber ; let us cross the Tiber.*” In pronouncing these words, they seem to invoke history, and to re-animate the dead. In going to the Capitol, by way of the Forum, we find, to the right, the Mamertine prisons.—These prisons were at first constructed by Ancus Martius, and were then employed

for ordinary criminals. But Servius Tullius caused more horrid ones to be dug under ground, for state criminals, as if these were not of that description, who deserve most attention, since their errors might be united with sincerity. Jugurtha, and the accomplices of Cataline, perished in these prisons. It is also said, that St. Peter and St. Paul have been incarcerated in them. On the other side of the Capitol is the Tarpeian Rock, and at the foot of this rock we find, at the present time, an hospital, called *The Hospital of Consolation*. It seems, thus, that the severe spirit of antiquity, and the mildness of christianity, meet each other through a series of ages, and present themselves to our sight as well as to our reflection.

When Oswald and Corinna had reached the top of the tower of the Capitol, she shewed him the Seven Hills; the city of Rome, bounded, at first, by Mount Pala-

tine, then by the walls of Servius Tullius, which enclose the Seven Hills; lastly, by the walls of Aurelian, which still serve as an enclosure to the greatest part of Rome. Corinna recalled to mind the verses of Tibullus and Propertius, who are proud of the weak beginnings, whence has sprung the mistress of the world. (10) Mount Palatine was once in itself the whole of Rome, during some time; but afterwards the palace of the Emperors filled the space which had before sufficed for a nation. A poet, in the time of Nero, made the following epigram upon this occasion.* *Rome will soon be only a palace. Go to Veii Romans, if this palace does not now occupy Veii itself.*

The Seven Hills are infinitely less elevated than formerly, when they deserved

* Roma domus fiet: Veios migrate, Quirites;
Si non et Veios occupat ista domus.

the name of the Steep Mountains. Modern Rome is raised forty feet above the ancient city. The vallies which separate the hills, are almost filled up by time with the ruins of edifices ; but what is more singular yet, a heap of broken vases has raised two new hills ; * and we almost discover an image of modern times, in this progress, or rather this wreck of civilization, leveling mountains with vallies, effacing in the moral as well as the physical world, all those beautiful inequalities produced by nature, and which decorate her surface.

Three other hills, † not comprised in the seven famous ones, give something picturesque to the city of Rome, which, perhaps, is the only city that, of itself, and in its own boundaries, offers the most magnificent points of observation. It

* Mounts Citorio and Testacio.

† The Janicula, Mount Vaticano and Mount Mario.

presents such a remarkable medley of ruins, edifices, fields, and deserts, that we may contemplate Rome on all sides, and always find a striking picture in the opposite perspective.

Oswald could never feel tired of viewing the traces of ancient Rome, from the elevated point of the Capitol, to which Corinna had conducted him. The reading of history, and the reflections which it excites, produce a less powerful effect upon the soul, than those heaps of stones, those ruins mingled with new habitations. So strongly do our eyes carry conviction to the mind, that after having beheld these ruins of Rome, we believe the history of the ancient Romans, as if we had been cotemporary with them. The recollections of the mind, are acquired by study ; the recollections of the imagination, are born of a more immediate and intimate impres-

sion, which gives body to thought, and renders us, if I may so express it, witnesses of what we have learnt. Undoubtedly one is vexed sometimes at those modern buildings which intrude themselves among the venerable spoils of antiquity. But a portico by the side of an humble cottage, pillars, between which appear the little windows of a church, a tomb affording an asylum to a whole rustic family, produces an indescribable medley of great and simple ideas, a newly-discovered pleasure, which inspires a continual interest. The greater part of our European cities, have externally a common and prosaic appearance; and Rome, oftener than any other, presents the melancholy aspect of misery and degradation; but all of a sudden a broken column, a base relief half-destroyed, stones knit together in the indestructable manner of the

ancient architects, remind us that there is in man, an eternal power, a divine spark, which he must never cease to excite in himself, and revive in others.

This Forum, whose enclosure is so narrow in compass, and which has witnessed so many astonishing things, is a striking proof of the moral greatness of man. When the universe, in the latter times of Rome, was subjected to inglorious masters, we find whole centuries, of which history has scarcely preserved any events; and this Forum, this little space in the centre of a city, at that time very circumscribed, whose inhabitants were fighting all around them for their territory, has employed, so we are informed by the recollections which it retraces, the most sublime genius of every age! Honour then, eternal honour, to nations, courageous and free, since they thus captivate the admiration of posterity!

Corinna observed to Lord Nelville, that there were very few remains of the Republican age to be found at Rome. The aqueducts, the canals formed under ground, for the distribution of water, were the only luxury of the Republic, and the kings who preceded it. They have only left us useful edifices, tombs raised to the memory of their great men, and some temples of brick, which still subsist. It was not until after the conquest of Sicily, that the Romans, for the first time, made use of marble for their monuments; but it is sufficient to behold places, where great actions have occurred, to experience an indefinable emotion. It is to this disposition of the soul that we must attribute those religious impressions which occasion pilgrimage. Celebrated countries, of every kind, even when stripped of their great men, and of their monuments, preserve their effect upon the imagination. What

struck our sight no longer exists, but the charm of recollection remains.

This Forum no longer presents us with any trace of that famous Tribune, from which the Roman people were governed by eloquence. Three pillars remain of a temple, raised by Augustus in honor of Jupiter Tonans, when the thunderbolt fell at his feet, without striking him, and an arch, which the senate raised to Septimus Severus, in reward of his exploits. The names of his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, were inscribed on the frontispiece of the arch ; but when Caracalla had assassinated Geta, he caused his name to be erased, and some traces of the cancelled letters are still to be seen. At some distance is a temple to Faustina, a monument of the blind weakness of Marcus Aurelius ; a temple to Venus which, in the time of the republic, was consecrated to Pallas—and farther on, the ruins

of a temple dedicated to the Sun and Moon, built by the Emperor Adrian, who was jealous of Apollodorus, the famous Grecian architect, and put him to death for having found fault with the proportions of his edifice.

On the other side of the square we behold the ruins of some monuments, consecrated to nobler aims, and which inspire purer recollections. The pillars of a temple which is believed to have been that of Jupiter Stator, who prevented the Romans from ever flying before their enemies. A pillar remaining of the Temple of Jupiter Guardian, placed, we are told, not far from the abyss into which Curtius precipitated himself. Pillars also of a temple, raised, some say, to Concord, others to Victory. Perhaps, these two ideas are confounded by conquering nations, who probably think no real peace can exist

till they have subdued the universe ! On the summit of Mount Palatine is a beautiful triumphal arch, dedicated to Titus, for the conquest of Jerusalem. We are informed that the Jews who are at Rome, never pass under this arch, and a little path is shewn which they take to avoid it. It is to be wished, for the honor of the Jews, that this anecdote may be true ; long recollections become long misfortunes.

“ Not far from thence is the arch of Constantine, embellished with some base relief carried from the forum of Trajan, by the christians, who wished to adorn the monument consecrated to the *founder of repose* ; so they called Constantine. The arts, at this epoch, were already on the decline, and they stripped the past to honor new exploits. These triumphal gates, which are seen at Rome, give

perpetuity, as much as man can give it, to the honors paid to glory.

Facing these triumphal arches is the temple of Peace, built by Vespasian; it was so decorated with brass and with gold, internally, that when consumed by fire, the streams of burning metal that flowed from it, extended even to the Forum. Lastly, the Coliseum, the finest ruin of Rome, terminates this noble scene, which embraces all history in its compass. This superb edifice, of which only the stones remain, stript of the gold and the marble, served as an amphitheatre for the combats of the Gladiators, with wild beasts. It was thus that the Roman people were amused, and deceived by strong emotions, when natural sentiments could no longer soar. The entrance to the Coliseum is by two doors, one consecrated to the victors, and the other by which they

carried out the dead :* strange contempt for the human race, which made the life or death of man dependent upon the pastime of a public spectacle ! Titus, the best of emperors, dedicated the Coliseum to the Roman people,—and these admirable ruins bear such fine traits of magnificence and genius, that we are led into an illusion on the subject of true greatness, and tempted to grant that admiration to the chefs-d'oeuvre of art, which should only be the due of monuments consecrated to generous institutions.

Oswald did not indulge in that admiration which Corinna felt in contemplating these four galleries ; these four edifices, rising one upon another ; this medley of pomp and barbarism, which at once inspires respect and compassion. He beheld in these scenes nothing but the luxury of

* San aviraria, San dapilaria.

the master, and the blood of the slaves, and felt indignant at the arts which, regardless of their aim, lavish their gifts upon whatever object they may be destined for. Corinna endeavoured to combat this disposition:—"Do not," said she, to Lord Nelville, "carry the rigour of your principles of morality and justice into the contemplation of the Italian monuments; they, for the most part, recall, as I have told you, rather the splendour, the elegance of taste of ancient forms, than the glorious epoch of Roman virtue. But do not you find some traces of the moral greatness possessed by the first ages, in the gigantic luxury of the monuments which have succeeded them? Even the degradation of the Roman people still commands respect: the mourning of her liberty covers the world with wonders, and the genius of ideal beauties seeks to console man for the true and real dignity which he has lost.

Behold those immense Baths, open to all those who were willing to taste oriental voluptuousness—these Circuses destined for the elephants which were brought there to combat with tigers, and those aqueducts which, in a moment, converted the amphitheatre into a lake, where galleys, too, fought in their turn; and crocodiles appeared where lions were seen before—such was the luxury of the Romans, when luxury was their pride! Those obelisks which have been brought from Egypt, of which the sable Africans have been spoiled, in order to adorn the Roman sepulchres: that population of statues which formerly existed in Rome, cannot be looked upon in the same light as the useless pageantry of the Asiatic despots: it is the Roman genius which conquered the world, and to which the arts have given an exterior form. There is a witchery in this magnifi-

cence ; and its poetical splendour makes us forget its origin and its aim."

The eloquence of Corinna excited the admiration of Oswald, without convincing him ; he sought for some moral sentiment in all this. without which all the magic of the arts could not satisfy him. Corinna then recollected, that in this very amphitheatre, the persecuted christians died victims of their perseverance, and shewing Lord Nelville the altars which are raised in honour of their ashes, as well as the path of the cross, which is trodden by penitents, at the foot of the most magnificent wrecks of worldly grandeur, asked him, if the ashes of martyrs conveyed no language to his heart ? " Yes," cried he, " I deeply admire the triumph of the soul, and of the will over the pains of death. A sacrifice, whatever it may be, is nobler, and more difficult, than all the flights of thought. —An exalted imagination may produce

miracles of genius ; but it is only in devoting ourselves to our opinion, or to our sentiments, that we are truly virtuous ;—it is then alone that a celestial power subdues mortal man in us.”

This language, so noble and so pure, yet gave uneasiness to Corinna. She looked at Nelville—then cast down her eyes—and though, at that moment, he took her hand, and pressed it against his heart, she shuddered at the idea, that such a man could sacrifice others or himself to the worship of opinions, of principles, or of duties, which he might have chosen to govern him.

CHAP. V.

AFTER the excursion to the Capitol and the Forum, Corinna and Nelville spent two days in visiting the Seven Hills. The Romans formerly observed a festival in honour of them. These hills, enclosed in her bosom, are one of the original beauties of Rome; and we may easily conceive what delight was experienced by feelings attached to their native soil, in celebrating this singularity.

Oswald and Corinna, having seen the Capitoline Hill the day before, began their

walks with Mount Palatine ; it was entirely occupied by the palace of the Cæsars, called *the golden palace*. This hill offers nothing to our view, at present, but the ruins of that palace. The four sides of it were built by Augustus Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero ; but the stones, covered with fertile plants, are all that now remain of it : Nature has there resumed her empire over the labours of man, and the beauty of the flowers consoles us for the destruction of the palace. The luxury of the kingly, and the republican times, only consisted in public edifices ; their private houses were very small, and very simple. Cicero, Hortensius, and the Gracchi, dwelt upon Mount Palatine, which, at the decline of Rome, was scarcely sufficient for the abode of a single man. In the latter ages, the nation was no longer anything but an anonymous crowd, merely designated by the æra of its master. We look in vain,

here, for the two laurels planted before the door of Augustus, the laurel of war, and that of the fine arts, cultivated by peace ; both have disappeared.

There is still remaining, on Mount Palatine, some chambers of the Baths of Livy ; we are there shewn the holes which contained the precious stones that were then lavished upon ceilings, as a common ornament, and paintings are to be seen there whose colours are yet perfectly untouched ; the fragility of the colours adds to our astonishment, at seeing them preserved, and seems to carry us back nearer to past ages. If it be true, that Livy shortened the days of Augustus, it is, in one of these rooms, that the assassination was conceived, and the eyes of the sovereign of the world, betrayed in his most intimate affections, were perhaps fixed upon one of those pictures, whose elegant flowers still remain. What, in old age,

where his thoughts, upon his life and his pomp? Did he recall to mind his proscriptions, or his glory? Did he hope, or did he fear a world to come? Does the last thought, which reveals everything to man; does the last thought of a master of the universe, still wander beneath these vaults? (12)

Mount Aventine offers more traces than any other of the first periods of the Roman History. Exactly opposite the Palace, raised by Tiberius, we see the ruins of the Temple of Liberty, which was built by the father of the Gracchi. At the foot of Mount Aventine, stood the temple, dedicated to the fortune of men, by Servius Tullius, to thank the gods for having raised him from the condition of a slave to the rank of a king. Without the walls of Rome, we find also the ruins of a temple, which was consecrated to female fortune, when Veturia stopped the pro-

gress of Coriolanus. Opposite Mount Aventine is Mount Janicula, on which Porsenna placed his army. It was opposite this Mount that Horatius Cocles caused the bridge behind him, leading to Rome, to be cut away. The foundation of this bridge is still to be seen; there stands on the banks of the river a triumphal arch, built of brick, as simple as the action which it recalls was grand; this arch having been raised, as it is said, in honor of Horatius Cocles. In the middle of the Tiber is perceived an island, formed of sheaves of corn, gathered in the fields of Tarquin, and which were a long time exposed on the river, because the Roman people would not take them, believing that they should entail bad fortune on themselves by so doing. It would be difficult in our days to affix a malediction upon riches of any sort which could prevent everybody from seizing it.

On Mount Aventine were placed the temple of Patrician, and that of Plebeian modesty. At the foot of this hill is seen the temple of Vesta, which yet remains whole, though it has been often menaced by the inundations of the Tiber. (a) Not far from thence is the ruin of a prison for debt, where, it is said, a fine trait of filial piety took place, which is pretty generally known. It was also in this place that Clelia and her companions, prisoners of Porsenna, crossed the Tiber, in order to re-join the Romans. This Aventine Mount affords the soul repose after the painful reflections which the other hills recall. The name of *Pulchrum Littus* was given to the banks of the river, which rolls at its foot, which was the walk of the Roman orators when they quitted the forum—it was there that Cæsar and Pompey met, like private citizens, and sought to captivate Cicero,

whose independent eloquence was then of more importance to them, than even the power of their armies.

Poetry, too, lends its aid to embellish this retreat; Virgil has placed the cavern of Cacus upon Mount Aventine, and the Romans, so great by their history, are still more so by the heroic fictions with which the bards have decorated their fabulous origin. Lastly, in returning from this mountain is seen the house of Nicholas Rienzi, who vainly endeavoured to revive ancient times among the moderns, and this memento, feeble as it is, by the side of so many others, gives birth to much reflection. Mount Cælius is remarkable, because there we behold the remains of the Prætorian camp, and that of the foreign soldiers: this inscription has been found in the ruins of the edifice, built for the reception of these soldiers:—"To the hallowed genius of

foreign camps !” Hallowed, indeed, for those whose power it maintained ! What remain of these ancient barracks, enable us to judge that they were built after the manner of cloisters, or rather, that cloisters have been built upon their model.

Mount Esquiline was called the *Poet’s Mount*; because Mecenas having his palace on this hill, Horace, Propertius, and Tibullus, dwelt there also. Not far from here are the ruins of the Thermæ of Titus, and of Trajan. It is believed that Raphael took the model of his Arabian pieces from the fresco paintings of the Thermæ of Titus. It is there, also, that has been discovered the groupe of Laocoon. The freshness of water affords such pleasure in hot countries, that they took delight in assembling together all the pomp of luxury, and every enjoyment of the imagination, in the places appropriated for bathing. It was there that the Romans exposed their

chefs-d'œuvres of painting and of sculpture. They were seen by the light of lamps, for it appears, by the construction of these buildings, that day never entered them, and, that they wished to preserve themselves from the rays of the sun, so piercing in the south, that the sensation which they produce, must certainly have been the cause of the ancients calling them, the darts of Apollo. It is reasonable to suppose, from observing the extreme precaution of the ancients to guard against heat, that the climate was then more burning than it is in our days. It is in the Thermæ of Caracalla, that were placed the Hercules Farnesse, the Flora, and the groupe of Dirce. In the baths of Nero, near Ostia, has been found the Apollo Belvidere. Is it possible to conceive that in contemplating this noble

figure, Nero must not have felt some generous emotions?

The Thermæ and the Circuses are the only kind of buildings appropriated to public amusements, of which there remain any relics at Rome. There is no theatre except that of Marcellus, whose ruins still exist. Pliny relates that there have been three hundred and sixty pillars of marble, and three thousand statues employed in a theatre, which was only to last a few days. Sometimes the Romans raised fabrics so strong, that they resisted the shock of earthquakes; at others they took pleasure in devoting immense labour to buildings, which they themselves destroyed as soon as their feasts were over; thus they sported with time in every shape. Besides, the Romans were not like the Greeks—influenced by a passion for dramatic representations. It was by the Grecian

works, and the Grecian artists, that the fine arts flourished at Rome, and Roman greatness expressed itself rather by the colossal magnificence of architecture, than by the chefs-d'oeuvres of the imagination. This gigantic luxury, these wonders of riches possess a characteristic dignity, which, though not the dignity of liberty, is that of power. The monuments appropriated for public baths, were called provinces; in them were united all the divers productions and divers establishments which a whole country can produce. The circus (called *Circus Maximus*) of which the remains are still to be seen, was so near the palace of the Cæsars, that Nero could, from his windows, give the signal for the games. The circus was large enough to contain three hundred thousand persons. The nation was almost entirely amused at the same moment; and these

immense festivals might be considered as a kind of popular institution, which united every man in the cause of pleasure, as they were formerly united in the cause of glory.

Mount Quirinal and Mount Viminal, are so near each other that it is difficult to distinguish them : it was here that the house of Sallust, and of Pompey, formerly stood ; it is here, also, that the Pope has now fixed his abode. We cannot take one step in Rome without bringing the present near to the past, and different periods of the past near to each other. But we learn to reconcile ourselves to the events of our own time, in beholding the eternal mutability of the history of man ; and we feel ashamed of letting our own lot disturb us in the presence of so many ages, which have all overthrown the work of the preceding ones.

By the side of the Seven Hills, either on their declivity or on their summit, are seen a multitude of steeples, and of obelisks. Trajan's pillar, the pillar of Antoninus, the Tower of Conti, from whence they say that Nero beheld the conflagration of Rome, and the Dome of St. Peter's, whose commanding grandeur eclipses that of every other object. It appears as if the air were peopled with all these monuments, which extend towards Heaven, and as if an ærial city were majestically hovering over the terrestrial one.

On entering Rome again, Corinna made Oswald pass under the portico of Octavia, she who loved so well, and suffered so much; then they traversed the *villain's path*, by which the infamous Tullius passed, trampling his father's corse beneath the feet of his horses. At a distance from this spot is seen the

temple; raised by Agrippina, in honour of Claudius, whom she caused to be poisoned; near which is the tomb of Augustus, whose enclosure now serves as an amphitheatre for the combats of beasts.

“ I have caused you to run over very rapidly, said Corinna to Lord Nelville, some traces of ancient history; but you will comprehend the pleasure to be found in these researches, at once learned and poetic, which speak to the imagination as well as to the mind. There are in Rome many distinguished men, whose only occupation is to discover some new relation, between history and the ruins.”

“ I know no study that would more captivate and interest me,” replied Lord Nelville, “ if I were sufficiently to be able to give my mind to it: this species of erudition is much more animated than that which is acquired from

books : one would say, that it gives existence to what we discover, and that the past re-appears from beneath the dust in which it has been buried."

"Undoubtedly," said Corinna, "this passion for antiquity is not a vain prejudice. We live in an age when personal interest seems to be the only principle of all the actions of men, and what sympathy, what emotion, what enthusiasm, can ever result from such a principle? It is sweeter to dream of those days of devotion, of personal sacrifice, and of heroism which, however, have existed, and of which the earth still bears some honourable testimonies.

CHAP. VI.

CORINNA flattered herself, in secret, with having captivated the heart of Oswald; but, as she knew his reserve, and his severity, she had not dared make known to him all the interest he had excited in her heart, though she was disposed, by character, to conceal nothing that she felt. Perhaps, also, she believed, that even in speaking on subjects foreign to their growing passion, there was a tenderness of accent in their voice, which betrayed their mutual affection, and that a secret avowal

of love was painted in their looks, and in that melancholy and covered language which penetrates so deeply into the soul.

One morning, when Corinna was getting ready to continue her walks with Oswald, she received a note from him, somewhat ceremonious, informing her, that the bad state of his health would confine him at home for some days. A painful disquietude seized upon the heart of Corinna: she, at first, feared he might be dangerously ill; but the Count D'Erfeuil, whom she saw at night, told her it was one of those melancholy fits to which he was very much subject, and, during which he would not speak to anybody.—“He will not see *even me*,” said the Count D'Erfeuil, “when he is so.”—This, *even me*, was highly displeasing to Corinna; but she was upon her guard, not to betray any symptoms of that displeasure

to the only man who might be able to give her news of Lord Nelville. She interrogated him, flattering herself that a man of so much apparent levity would tell her all he knew. But on a sudden, whether he wished to conceal from her, by an air of mystery, that Oswald had confided nothing to him, or whether he believed it more honourable to refuse what was asked of him, than to grant it, he opposed an invincible silence to the ardent curiosity of Corinna. She who had always had an ascendancy over those with whom she conversed, could not comprehend, why all her means of persuasion were without effect upon the Count D'Erfeuil; did she not know, that there is nothing in the world so inflexible as self-love?

What resource remained then, to Corinna, to know what was passing in the heart of Oswald! should she write to him? The formality it would require was too foreign

to her open disposition. Three days glided away, during which she saw not Lord Nelville, and was tormented by the most cruel agitation.—“What have I done then,” said she, “to drive him from me? I have not told him that I loved him.—I have not been guilty of that crime, so terrible in England, but so pardonable in Italy. Has he guessed it? But why should he esteem me the less for it?” Oswald had only absented himself from Corinna because he felt the power of her charms becoming too strong to resist. Though he had not given his word to espouse Lucilia Edgermond, he knew it was his father’s wish that she should become his wife, and to that wish he desired to conform. Besides, Corinna was not known by her real name, and had, for several years, led a life, much too independent. Such a marriage, Lord Nelville believed would not have obtained the appro-

bation of his father ; and he felt that it was not thus he could expiate the transgressions he had been guilty of towards him. Such were his motives for removing himself from the presence of Corinna. He had formed the project of writing to her on quitting Rome, stating the motives that condemned him to this resolution ; but as he could not find strength to do that, he contented himself with abstaining from visiting her, and even this sacrifice became almost too painful to bear, from the second day of his absence.

Corinna was struck with an idea that she should never behold Oswald again ; that he would go away without bidding her adieu. She expected, every instant, to receive the news of his departure ; and this fear so increased the agony of her feelings, that she felt herself, all of a sudden, seized by that vulture of passion beneath whose talons happiness and inde-

pendence sink. Unable to endure the house that Lord Nelville no longer visited, she frequently wandered in the gardens of Rome, hoping to meet with him. The hours so spent were the least insupportable, since they afforded some chance of seeing the object of her wanderings. The ardent imagination of Corinna was the source of her talents; but, unfortunately for her, it was united to her natural sensibility, which often rendered it extremely painful to her.

On the evening of the fourth day of this cruel absence, the moon shone beautifully bright, and the silence of the night gives Rome a fine effect: it seems then to be inhabited by the shadows of its illustrious ancients. Corinna, returning from the house of a female friend, oppressed with grief, quitted her carriage, to sit, for a few moments, near the fountain of Trevi; before that abundant cascade, which,

playing in the middle of Rome, seems like the vital principle of this tranquil abode. When this cascade ceases to play for some days, they say, in this city, that Rome is struck with stupor. It is the noise of carriages that we expect to hear in other capitals; but at Rome, it is the murmuring of this fountain, which seems to be an accompaniment necessary to the pensive life people lead there: the image of Corinna was painted in this aquatic mirror, so pure that, for several centuries past, it has borne the name of the *Virgin Spring*. Oswald, who had stopped in the same place, a few moments afterwards, beheld the charming features of his love reflected in the water. He was seized with so lively an emotion, that he did not know, at first, whether it was not his imagination which presented to him the shadow of Corinna, as it had so often done that of his father; he bent towards the

fountain, to observe more distinctly, when his own countenance was reflected by the side of Corinna's. She knew him, gave a shriek, and darting towards him rapidly, seized his arm, as if she were afraid he would leave her again; but hardly had she yielded to this impetuous emotion than recollecting the character of Nelville, she blushed at having given him this lively testimony of her feelings, and letting fall the hand which held Oswald, she covered her face with the other, to conceal her tears.

“Corinna!” said Oswald, “dear Corinna! my absence has then rendered you unhappy!” “Oh yes,” answered she, “you were sure of that! Why then hurt me! have I deserved to suffer at your hand?” “No, certainly,” cried Nelville, “but if I do not think myself free; if I feel in my heart a storm of grief, why should I associate you

with such a torture of sentiment and dread? Why"—It is no longer time to talk thus," interrupted Corinna, "grief has already seized upon my bosom—spare me"—"Do you mention grief?" replied Oswald, "in the midst of so brilliant a career, of such renown, and possessing so lively an imagination?"—"Hold," said Corinna, you do not know me; of all the faculties I possess, the most powerful is that of suffering. I am born for happiness, my disposition is open, my imagination animated; but pain excites in me a certain impetuosity powerful enough to disturb my reason, or bring me to my grave; therefore, I beseech you, spare me. My gaiety and volatility are only superficial; but there are in my soul abysses of sadness, which I can only escape, by guarding against love."

Corinna pronounced these words with

an expression that deeply affected Oswald.—“ I will come and see you to-morrow morning,” said he. “ Do you swear it?” said she, with a disquietude, which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. “ Yes, I swear it,” cried Lord Nelville, and disappeared.

BOOK V.



The Tombs, the Churches, and the Palaces.

CHAPTER I.

THE next day, Oswald and Corinna felt much embarrassed at meeting each other. Corinna was no longer confident of the love which she inspired. Oswald was dissatisfied with himself; he knew there was a weakness in his character, which sometimes made him feel irritated at his own sentiments as at a species of tyranny; and both endeavoured to avoid speaking of their mutual affection. “I have to propose to-day,” said Corinna, “rather a solemn walk; but one that will cer-

tainly prove highly interesting: let us go and see the tombs, let us go and see the last asylum of those who inhabited the monuments, whose ruins we have contemplated.”—“ Yes,” answered Oswald, “ you have conjectured what will suit the present disposition of my soul; and he pronounced these words in so dolorous an accent, that Corinna was silent some moments, not daring to speak to him. But the desire of affording consolation to Oswald, and the lively interest she took in every thing they were to see together, inspired her with courage, and she said to him: “ You know my lord, that so far was the aspect of the tombs from damping the ardour of the living, among the ancients, that they endeavoured to excite emulation by placing these tombs on the public roads, in order that by retracing to young people the remembrance of

illustrious men, they might silently admonish them to follow their example.” “ Ah! how I envy all those,” said Oswald, “ whose grief is not mingled with remorse!” “ Do you talk of remorse,” cried Corinna; “ you whose only failings, if they may be so called, are an excess of virtue, a scrupulosity of heart, an exalted delicacy—” “ Corinna, Corinna,” interrupted Oswald, “ in your happy country, sombre thoughts disappear before the lustre of a brilliant sky; but that grief which has penetrated to the bottom of our soul, must for ever sap the foundation of our existence.” “ You form an erroneous judgment of me,” replied Corinna; “ I have already told you, that though I am formed, by the nature of my character, for lively enjoyment, I should suffer more exquisitely than you if—” She did not conclude; but changed the discourse.—My

only desire, my lord, is to divert your attention, for the present; I hope for nothing more." The sweetness of this reply moved Lord Nelville, and seeing a melancholy expression in the looks of Corinna, naturally so interesting, and so full of fire, he reproached himself for having afflicted a female, born for the most soft and lively sensations, and endeavoured to atone for it. But the disquietude which Corinna experienced, with regard to the future intentions of Oswald, and the possibility of his departure, entirely disturbed her accustomed serenity.

She conducted Lord Nelville outside of the gates of the city, to where are seen the ancient vestiges of the Apian road. These vestiges are indicated in the midst of country, by the tombs to the right, and to the left, which extend, out of sight, for several miles beyond the walls. The Romans would not per-

mit their dead to be buried inside of the city: the emperors alone were allowed that privilege. One private citizen, however, named Publius Bibulus, obtained this favour, in reward of his obscure virtues.—Cotemporaries are always more willing to honor virtues of that description than any other.

It is the gate of St. Sebastian, formerly called *Capere*, that conducts to the Appian road. Cicero tells us, that the first tombs we meet, after passing this gate, are those of the Metelluses, the Scipio's, and the Seroiliuses. The family tomb of the Scipio's has been found in this very spot, and since transplanted to the Vatican. It is almost a sacrilege to displace the ashes of the dead, or to change the aspect of ruins. Imagination is more closely connected with morality than is generally believed, and should not be offended. Among so

many tombs which strike our sight, names are ascribed to some, without any positive certainty ; but even the emotion which this uncertainty inspires, will not permit us to contemplate any of these monuments with indifference. There are some in which are built houses for the peasantry ; for the Romans consecrated an extensive space, and vast edifices to the funereal urn of their friends, or their illustrious fellow citizens. They were not influenced by that dry principle of utility which fertilized some corners of the earth, in blasting with sterility the vast domain of sentiment and of thought.

At some distance from the Appian road is seen a temple, raised by the republic to Honour and Virtue ; another to the god who caused Hannibal to return home, and also, the fountain of Egeria, where Numa went to consult the god of all good men.—Conscience interrogated in soli-

tude.—It seems that about these tombs, no traces but those of virtue yet exist. No monument of the criminal ages is to be found by the side of those where repose the illustrious dead; they are surrounded by an honourable space, where the noblest recollections may preserve their reign undisturbed.

The aspect of the country about Rome has something in it singularly remarkable: undoubtedly, it is a desert, for it contains neither trees nor habitation; but the earth is covered with plants, which the energy of vegetation incessantly renews. These sycophant plants glide among the tombs, adorn the ruins, and seem only there to honor the dead: One would say, that proud Nature has repulsed the labours of man, since Cincinnatus no longer conducted the plough which furrowed her bosom. She produces plants by chance, without permitting the living to make use of her

riches. These uncultivated plains must be displeasing to the agriculturist, to the minister, to all those who speculate upon the earth, and who would lay it under contribution, to supply the wants of man. But pensive minds, which are occupied as much by death as by life, take pleasure in contemplating this Roman soil, upon which modern times have imprinted no marks; this land which seems in love with the dead, and covers them with useless flowers, with useless plants, which drag their length upon the earth, and never rise sufficiently to separate themselves from the ashes, which they appear to caress.

Oswald agreed that in this spot, the mind felt more calm than it possibly could any where else; besides, here the soul does not suffer so much from the images that grief presents to it; it seems to partake still, with those who are no

more, the charms of the air, of the sun, and of the verdure. Corinna observed the impression that Lord Nelville received, and conceived some hopes from it: she did not flatter herself with being able to console Oswald; she had not even wished to efface from his heart the just regret he must feel at the loss of his father; but there is, even in this regret, something soft and harmonious, which we must endeavour to make known to those who have hitherto only felt its bitterness; it is the only benefit we can confer upon them.

“ Let us stop here,” said Corinna, “ opposite this tomb, the only one which remains yet almost whole: it is not the tomb of a celebrated Roman, it is that of Cecilia Metella, a young maiden to whom her father has raised this monument.” “ Happy!” said Oswald, “ happy are the children, who die in the arms

of their father, and receive death in the bosom of him who gave them life ; death itself then loses its sting." " Yes," said Corinna ; " happy are those not doomed to the wretched lot of orphans. See, arms have been sculptured on this tomb, though it belongs to a woman : but the daughters of heroes may have their monuments adorned with the trophies of their fathers ; what a lonely union is that of innocence and valor ! There is an elegy of Propertius which paints better than any other writing of antiquity, this dignity of females among the Romans, more imposing, more pure than the *eclat* which they enjoyed during the age of chivalry. Cornelia, dying in her youth, addresses to her husband the most affecting consolations and adieus, in which we feel, at every word, all that is respectable and sacred in family ties. The noble, conscious pride of an unspotted life, is painted in this ma-

jestic poetry of the Latins, this poetry, noble and severe as the masters of the world. ‘*Yes,*’ says Cornelia, ‘*no stain has sullied my life, from the nuptial bed to the funeral pile ; I have lived pure between the two torches.*’ (13) “What an admirable expression” cried Corinna ; “What a sublime Image! How worthy of envy is the lot of that woman who has been able to preserve the most perfect unity in her destiny, and carries but one recollection to the grave : ’tis enough to satisfy the ambition of human life !”

In finishing these words, the eyes of Corinna were filled with tears ; a cruel sentiment, a painful suspicion seized upon the heart of Oswald. —— “Corinna,” cried he, “Corinna, has your delicate soul nothing to reproach itself with? If I were able to dispose of myself, if I could offer myself to you, should I have no

rival in the past? Should I have reason to be proud of my choice? Would no cruel jealousy disturb my happiness?"—"I am free, and I love you as I never loved man before!" answered Corinna—"What would you have more?—Must I be condemned to an avowal, that before I have known you, I have been deceived by my imagination as to the interest which another excited in me? Is there not in the heart of man a divine pity for the errors which sentiment, or rather the illusion of sentiment, may have led us to commit?" In finishing these words a modest red covered her face. Oswald was startled; but remained silent. There was in Corinna's look an expression of repentance and timidity, which did not permit him to judge with rigour—a ray from heaven seemed to descend upon, and absolve her! He took her hand, pressed it against his heart, and knelt before her, without uttering any thing, without promising anything; but contemplated her

with a look of love, which gave the utmost latitude to hope.

“ Believe me,” said Corinna, to Lord Nelville—“ let us form no plan for the years to come. The most happy moments are those which a bountiful chance gives us. Is it here, then, is it in the midst of the tombs, that we should think of future days?”—“ No,” cried Lord Nelville, “ I can think of no future day that would be likely to part us! these four days of absence have taught me too well, that I now no longer exist but in you !”—Corinna made no reply to these sweet expressions ; but she treasured them religiously in her heart ; she was always fearful that in prolonging the conversation upon that subject most interesting to her, she might excite from Oswald a declaration of his future intentions, before a longer acquaintance might render separation impossible. She often, even, designedly turned his

attention towards exterior objects—like that Sultana, in the Arabian Tales, who sought, by a thousand different recitals, to awaken the interest of him she loved, in order to postpone the decision of her fate, till her charms and her wit had completed their conquest.

END OF VOL. I.

NOTES TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE 33, line 14.

Ancona is now pretty nearly in the same predicament that it was then.

Page 52, line 12.

This reflection is exhausted in an epistle on Rome, of Mr. de Humboldt, brother of the celebrated Traveller, and Prussian Minister at Rome. It is difficult to find any where a man whose conversation and writings bespeak more knowledge and ideas.

Page 93, line 7.

We must except from this censure upon the Italian mode of declamation, the celebrated Monti, who recites verses as well as he composes them. It is really one of the greatest dramatic pleasures that can be experienced, to hear him recite the Episode

of Ugolin, of Francesca de Rimini, the death of Clorinda, &c.

Page 97, line 15.

Lord Nelville seems to have alluded to this beautiful distich of Propertius:

“ Ut caput in Magnis ubi non est ponere signis,
“ Ponitur hinc imos ante corona pedes.”

Page 170, line 17.

A Frenchman, in the late war, commanded the Castle of St. Angelo; the Neapolitan troops summoned him to capitulate, when he answered, that the fortress should be surrendered when the Angel of Bronze should sheathe his sword.

Page 171, line 6.

These facts are to be found in the *History of the Italian Republics of the middle Age*, by M. Simonde, of Geneva. This history will certainly be considered as an authority; for we perceive in reading it, that its author is a man of profound sagacity, as conscientious as he is energetic in his manner of relating and describing.

Page 172, line 15.

“ Eine welt zwar bist du o Rom; doch ohne die
Liebe,

“ Ware die welt nicht die welt ware denn Rom
auch nicht Rom.”

These two verses are from Goëthe, the German poet, and he, among living philosophers, whose originality and imagination are the most remarkable.

Page 195, line 8.

“ Carpite nunc, tauri, de septem collibus herbas,

“ Dum licet. Hic magnæ jam locus urbis erit.”

TIBULLUS.

“ Hoc quodcunque vides hœspes quam maxima
Roma est,

“ Ante Phrygem Enean collis et herba fuit.”

PROPERTIUS, Book IV. el. 1.

Page 213, line 8.

Augustus died at Nola, on his way to the waters of Brundusium, which had been prescribed him; but he left Rome in a dying state.

Page 245, line 6.

“ Viximus insignes inter utramque facem.”

PROPERTIUS.

Page 172, line 15.

... the first part of the ...
... the well ...

... the ...
... the ...

Page 182, line 2.

... the ...
... the ...

... the ...
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Page 212, line 8.

... the ...
... the ...

Page 242, line 6.

... the ...
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